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THE POCONOS

BY

CARROLL B. TYSON

Illustrated
with Photographs of the Region
and Map

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1929

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DEDICATED

TO ALL THOSE

WHO HAVE LEARNED TO KNOW

AND TO LOVE

THE POCONOS

INTRODUCTION

PICTURESQUE wildness and native charm of scenery is the delight of poets, artists and others who love the beautiful in nature. The more practical sportsman becomes enthusiastic about the abundance of deer, bear, pheasants, wild turkey, lake fish or brook-trout, rather than the virgin beauty of some native scene. So, it happens that Pike County in Pennsylvania is very little known except to the many who journey to this region for its plentiful supply of game and fish.

The adjoining county of Monroe, further developed, is better known and has become a vast vacation playground that yearly attracts thousands from the two largest cities in the East and their surrounding territory. Native inhabitants who were accustomed to burrow into their homes for the winter and rest from a strenuous season of catering to the wants of summer visitors, can sleep no more through the cold winter months. Winter sports have been inaugurated and there is now a winter season, much preferred by many because of the added zest and thrill and exhiliration of outdoor sports on the winter snow and ice.

Standing on the top of High Knob in Pike County, I have caught glimpses of the foothills of the Catskills along the distant blue horizon to the north. From Pocono Manor in the heart of the resort section of Monroe County, there are those who claim to see familiar landmarks at Lake Mohonk. On a clear day, from the south porch of the Inn at Buck Hill Falls, looking to the southeast through the Delaware Water Gap, twenty miles away, can be seen the low lying hills of northern New Jersey, half hidden in the hazy mist.

Thus marked and defined, here in northeastern Pennsylvania, lie the Poconos. Nature has reared them as one of the family that includes the White Mountains of Vermont and the Blue Mountains of Virginia. Born of the same geologic origin and time as her nearest sisters—the Adirondacks and Catskills of New York—the Poconos of Pennsylvania form the next link south in the Appalachian Mountain chain.

Less than a century ago the dark clouds of the Poconos hung heavy and low. It was then that vast resources of magnificent virgin timber fell gradually before the lumberman's axe. Destructive forest fires further ravaged the hillsides and left barren wastes. These barrens are still to be seen, covered by a thick undergrowth of scrub-oak and huckleberry bushes, with the scarred trunks of trees, here and there, standing like skeletons, stark and black and bereft of all foliage, limbs and life.

But the extensive lumbering operations and the forest fires were an unveiling process that brought to light the picturesque lakes and streams, the beautiful valleys and glens, the many wonderful waterfalls and gorges that had been hidden in the Poconos. Soon a new garment of vegetation appeared, providing just enough of clothing to cover their bareness but not to hide their virgin beauty and charm. This new vegetation combined with the old and provided such a variety of flora and protection for the abundant wild life that this region today attracts not only lovers of the beautiful but also botanists, students of birds and wild-animal life, hunters and fishermen, nature lovers and many thousands who find here health-giving sport and recreation.

Pocono Knob, Spruce Mountain, Bear Mountain and the others are not really very high, as mountains go. They are not so large as their near relatives in the Catskills and Adirondacks; but, to me, they are infinitely more picturesque and charming. About the time the snow is leaving the toboggan

slides and the ski runs at Lake Placid, the snow-capped peaks of Mount Marcy and Mount McIntyre lie silently white in the distance, as stolid and mysterious as the sphinx. Yet they do not seem especially charming, even at this season, when I like them best. Perhaps it is because they are too big to be beautiful and yet too small to be really great and grand—for mountains and hills and rivers and lakes, like people, may be too big or too great for loving.

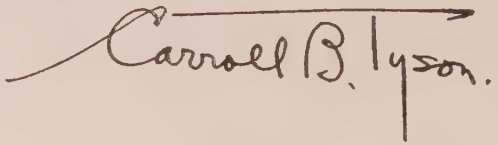
I remember my first visit to the Adirondacks. I could not help feeling a little disappointed. Perhaps I had expected too much; or perhaps it was because I had become acquainted with the Poconos and they had been the first loved. Mirror Lake, Placid and the others were very interesting—larger, but not nearly so attractive or beautiful as the smaller lakes—the picturesque little bodies of water that you learn to love, such as Bear Lake and Silver Lake and Paupac in the Poconos.

There is an indefinable something about the Poconos that draws you to them—makes you want to stay or to go again and again until you have quite succumbed to their charm. No better tribute could be paid to them than the fact that for many years they have attracted those prominent in literary, dramatic and artistic fields. The Philadelphia group of artists, with colonies at Lumberville and New Hope, south of the Poconos, wander northward and meet kindred spirits coming down from New York, through Milford to Bushkill and Dingman's Ferry, long a congregating place for literary and dramatic folk. Inward to the very heart of the Pocono country at Paradise Valley came Joseph Jefferson and other famous actor-folk of a past generation. Native inhabitants will tell you many a story of Joe Jefferson—show you the old Jefferson home and point out the old mill where he rehearsed and perfected the part of "Rip Van Winkle" that made him famous.

Henry Van Dyke, in speaking of the region of the Swift-

water in the Poconos where he wrote that beautifully poetic bit of prose, "Little Rivers," said:

> "No wonder that Joseph Jefferson loved this pleasant vale hidden among the hills—the birds love it, too—and there are no woods more full of song, no waters more clear and musical, no thickets and meadows richer in ferns and wild flowers than in this vale. The last time I was with him on the stream he said to me:
>
> " 'I fished this brook forty years ago and I did not want to die without seeing it again.' "



Buck Hill Falls, Pa.,
1929.

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THE POCONOS

LOOKING BACKWARD FROM BIG POCONO

IT WAS late September afternoon. Occasional spots of vivid red among the trees that covered the hillsides and filled the valleys below—places where the leaves of the red oak and the sassafras had succumbed to premature frosts—gave promise of the glorious colorings of autumn soon to appear.

At my feet were huge rocks and boulders of various shapes and sizes, scattered about in utmost confusion as if thrown from some gigantic heavenly vessel. Beyond was an expanse of underbrush and scrub oak, dwarfed by its struggle for existence against the unbroken force of the winds and storms that rage across the top of the mountain. Farther down, the trail had led me through dense pine woods as cool as caves and as dark as dungeons. Here and there an occasional buttonwood or white birch made striking contrast to the green and gray background of trees on the mountainside.

Halfway between the rolling hilly tableland below and the fleecy white clouds that floated lazily overhead, I stood, finally, on the summit of "Big Pocono." Often had I gazed at this mountain jutting out so prominently—a familiar landmark visible for many miles—with the stone blockhouse on its top appearing like a tiny square set up on edge, and the steel and glass enclosed forestry tower nearby glistening like a needle in the sun. I had looked forward to the time when I would climb "Big Pocono"—ascend to the very top of the tower that crowned its peak. And now as I stood there I could not help but feel a sense of exaltation in having reached its summit and being so near to the clouds and the blue sky above.

Below unrolled a panorama of forest and field, farm and woodlot. Occasional clusters of houses and buildings marked the scattered villages.

Clearly outlined against the sky to the southeast was the well-known Delaware Water Gap, with its V-shaped depression looming large at this comparatively short distance. Farther to the right was the Wind Gap, through which lies another popular approach to the Poconos from the south. Farther around was the Lehigh Gap and other lesser openings in the hills to the southwest. Toward the north, the Lackawanna Railroad wound its way, in and out among the hills, linking the largest city of the East with the metropolis of the Middle West and reminding me that this superior solitude of the mountain was not everywhere, but that there were busy marts of trade and hurrying people beyond.

The climb to the top of Big Pocono had not been difficult. The ascent was gradual and the way not hard to find. Leaving the "Lackawanna Trail" concrete highway at Scotrun, a settlement of perhaps half a dozen houses near Tannersville, Mr. Neering, the local storekeeper, postmaster and farmer, had shown me the beginning of a trail through his woods that would take me to my destination. This trail was an old abandoned log road, rocky and covered with short bushes and a thick carpet of soft, downy meadow grass that made the footing somewhat treacherous for "Black Bill," the highly intelligent horse that carried me over 400 miles of highways, byways and trails through the Poconos.

Turning sharply to the right and then to the left, we had come out on the old Sullivan road to be surprised by a sudden view of "Big Pocono," with massive grandeur, basking calmly and peacefully in the sun. A few hundred yards to the left, at the forks of the road, we turned abruptly to the right and began the long gradual climb to the summit of the mountain.

"THROUGH BARRENS AND BURNT-OVER LAND" Courtesy Penna. State Forestry Dept.

The road led through woods at first—mostly pine, with an occasional buttonwood or white birch to lend its picturesqueness—woods on the left and, on the right, the Pocono Creek with its waters tumbling noisily over many miniature waterfalls.

As we climbed higher and crossed the tracks of the New York Susquehanna and Western (Erie) Railroad at Coolmoor Station, the character of the country changed. We left the woods and came out on higher ground where the weather is too severe and cold to permit trees to grow to any great height. The wagon trail wound along over the rough and rocky way and through barrens and burnt-over land covered only with scrub oak and underbrush.

Nearing the summit we had met forester DeHaven, who was leaving for a while his lonely vigil in the observation tower. He stopped to point out Deep Lake, a body of water about a mile and a half distant and a little to the north of west from where we stood. He claimed that this lake, at an altitude of 1830 feet, had no visible outlet and that in most parts it has been impossible to find bottom. North of it and lying in another basin about a hundred feet lower was "Sandspring," supposed outlet of Deep Lake to which it was connected by a deep ravine, apparently entirely dry at all times but probably the surface indication of an underground channel. An expanse of about 1600 acres of level land, covered with scrub oak and underbrush, informed forester DeHaven, separates Deep Lake from Bowers Lake, where there is an area of about an acre consisting of nothing but rocks—rocks of all sizes and shapes and colors—going down to an unknown depth.

Continuing along the stony road through the scrub-oak and underbrush, we encountered more rocks, going on up the gradual grade until there appeared ahead the stone block-house that marks the summit of "Big Pocono," 2131 feet above sea level. This little stone house on the summit of the moun-

tain was built by Mr. Henry Cattell, who at one time owned "Big Pocono" and much of the surrounding country. Mr. Cattell and his daughter not only built this attractive refuge but furnished it and gave to Pocono Manor and its guests the privilege of using the house for over-night camping parties that hiked to the top of "Big Pocono."

As I stood there on the summit surveying the country that spread out below, I found myself wondering how old this mountain might be. Mountains, like vegetation and all living things, have their lifetime. They are born; they grow; they mature, and then decline and die. Geologists tell us how mountains grow gradually with the slow motion of the earth's crust, slow upheavals and depressions causing mountains and valleys. The high mountains of the earth are those which are still young, such as the Alps and the Andes of our present day; while the Appalachians, according to this theory, are mature.

The study of rocks and their formation and how our present hills and valleys and mountains came to be as they are today is intensely interesting. I remember how, as a child, I played along country streams searching out odd-shaped stones and pebbles that attracted me because of their unusual form or their varied colors. I would walk homeward with pockets bulging and weighted down with a new collection, carrying in my hand the most unusual or attractive specimens so that I could admire them as I walked along. No doubt this was an inherent trait, for John Burroughs says:

> "I find there is enough of the troglodite in most persons to make them love the rocks, and the caves and ledges that the air and the rains have carved out of them. The rocks are not so close akin to us as the soil; they are one more remove from us, but they lie back of all, and are the final source of all. . . . .
>
> "Time, geologic time, looks out at us from the rocks as from

> no other objects in the landscape. Geologic time! How the striking of the great clock, whose hours are millions of years, reverberates out of the abyss of the past! Mountains fall, and the foundations of the earth shift, as it beats out the moments of the earth's history. Rocks have literally come down to us from a fore-world. The youth of the earth is in its soil and in the trees and verdure that springs from it; its age is in the rocks; and in the great stone book of the geologic strata its history is written."

To Dr. George H. Ashley, State Geologist of Pennsylvania, I am indebted for an authoritative general outline history of the geologic formation of the State and the Pocono region. Rather than quote what he has written, I will attempt to translate, for geologists do not speak our language. They cannot because it is too limited. We measure time by years and centuries, going back to the birth of Christ and before. But, geologically speaking, years and centuries are but seconds and minutes in the vast expanse of time reckoned from the origin of the earth. The geologist speaks in terms of tens of thousands of years and millions of years and hundreds of millions of years.

Apparently this whole matter of geologic formation is based on a few perfectly natural and obvious fundamentals. As the earth cools and contracts, its crust likewise cools and contracts. This shrinking of the earth's crust results in a series of what the geologist calls "foldings," the tops of these folds being called "uplifts." If, on account of the more rapid or greater shrinking of the earth's crust, a whole area of folds and uplifts are caused to sink, this process is called by the geologist a "downsinking."

Going back a mere matter of 600 million years ago, there was the laying down of rocks, known today only in southeastern Pennsylvania, as the Baltimore gneiss, these rocks being subsequently folded and uplifted at the same time, followed by the natural wearing down of the uplifted mass. Then

followed a general downsinking and the washing in of sediments to a depth of nearly two miles, this deposit being known to geologists as the Glenarm series. Crustal movements of the earth caused further foldings, and probably upliftings, with the subsequent gradual wearing down of the uplifted surface.

With the further contracting of the earth's crust came another downsinking of this land which then formed a sea bottom over which spread sands, muds and limey deposits to a depth of seven and a half miles in south central Pennsylvania, thinning to about a mile and a half in northwestern Pennsylvania. How thoroughly nature laid the foundation of our present-day picturesque Pocono hills and valleys, wonderful waterfalls and gorges, lakes and surrounding rivers, is realized when the geologist tells us that the laying down of these rocks involved about 400 million years of time.

Further crustal folding, sometimes known as the Appalacian revolution, crushed the rocks now found in southeastern Pennsylvania, greatly folded the rocks adjacent and slightly folded the rocks west of the Allegheny Mountains. Monroe County lies in a re-entrant of partly folded rocks, with a considerable area now forming the Pocono plateau, very little folded. The folding of these rocks is believed to have shortened the area they covered from fifty to a hundred miles and, at the same time, to have lifted the tops of the folds to elevations of from 25,000 to 40,000 feet above sea level, making of Pennsylvania a mountainous land quite as high and rugged as any in the world today.

During the long periods of the Mesozoic, or the age of reptiles, these high mountains were gradually worn down until a fairly level plane resulted, lying probably but little above sea level. On this plane developed the beginnings of the Delaware, Schuylkill, Susquehanna and other rivers. Then during the age of mammals came a series of slow uplifts. These uplifts

were so slow that the rivers were able to maintain their courses in general, cutting narrow valleys where the rocks were hard and wide valleys where the rocks were soft. So long has this process been going on that today most of the areas underlain by soft rocks form valleys, and the areas underlain by hard rocks form mountains. The water gaps are simply the places where the rivers have slowly sawed their way down as the general level of the land was uplifted. The Delaware and other gaps are, therefore, so far as we know, not connected with faults or other breaks of that kind, but are simply the result of the vertical downcutting of rivers which had established themselves in that position before the more recent uplift of the land. At Wind Gap and other wind gaps nearby are notches made by streams that formerly flowed across the hard rocks in those positions, but which later were diverted by strong tributaries from larger streams.

The mountains of which the Poconos are a part are older than the Rocky Mountains, which were in shallow water long after the formation of the Appalachian chain. A great inland ocean, which extended to the Rocky Mountains, contained myriads of living creatures which have long been extinct. Sands of that ocean were, in the course of time, hardened into sandstone and pushed up slowly and gradually in the form of a great wave, thus forming mountains and chains of mountains. The Pocono plateau, therefore, is believed to exist because of the hard Pocono sandstone.

Finally, during the last million years or more, came the several advances of ice, in what we call the Ice age. It is rather clearly recognized today, says Dr. Ashley, that of the four known advances of the ice, at least three of those came down over eastern Pennsylvania. These are known as the early, intermediate and last glacial advance. It is uncertain whether the early ice in eastern Pennsylvania corresponded with the

Kansan or Nebraskan advance. The intermediate ice probably corresponded with the Illinoian glacial lobe and the last advance is commonly called the Wisconsin ice. Each of these advances was separated from the next by long periods of time during which streams and the general level of the land were greatly reduced. Indeed all the lower valleys we recognize today have been cut since one of the early advances of ice.

All three advances of the ice swept over the Poconos, but the physiographic features connected with the ice naturally are mostly associated with the last or Wisconsin advance, which makes the great moraine that crosses the Delaware River at Belvidere, swings up around Wind Gap, laps around the eastern end of "Big Pocono" and so up onto the plateau. From where I stood on the summit, one would have seen, many thousands of years ago, nothing but a vast expanse of ice, drifting slowly in a westerly or slightly southwesterly direction, its movement measured by centuries.

Although overrun by at least two earlier glacial advances, the last great glacier scarred the sides of "Big Pocono," but did not subdue it. This summit alone, of all the peaks south of the Catskills, stood out above the continuous field of ice that advanced from the north across the Laurentian Mountains, the Adirondacks and Catskills and the Poconos, stopping only when within sixty miles of what is now Philadelphia. It was a lonely island, reaching upward sixty feet above the vast sea of ice. Wind and storm, ice and water, frost and fire—all have left their marks. The elements have raged about it but still it stands, as if proud of its strength and survival. An impression of greatness, stability and strength draws you irresistibly to this quiet, dignified and majestic "Big Pocono."

These ice advances, especially the last, or Wisconsin advance, often called "the Great Glacier," played an important part in the formation of the Poconos. Moving relentlessly over

this whole section, the glacier left unmistakable marks of its path in the form of planed and polished surfaces of rocks, grooves and "scratches" in the solid rock. In some cases it scraped off entire strata of softer limestone rock from the tops or sides of some of the ridges and deposited these huge masses of rock farther on along the southern slope of the ridge. Godfrey's Ridge and the glacial scratches near the top of Big Pocono are present-day evidences of the action of this great glacier thousands of years ago.

The southern edge of the glacier is still well defined and readily found by those familiar with geologic forms. It is noticeable as an unusual accumulation of stone and rocks of all kinds and sizes, marking the glacier's southern border—the Terminal Moraine, in a portion of which there was a ridge of drift a hundred feet high and of so remarkable an aspect that it has been called by the inhabitants "The Long Ridge." Behind this moraine, the whole country is covered with drift deposit—boulders of every size from a pebble to masses of rock weighing hundreds of tons and containing thousands of cubic feet, some of them angular and others rounded and water-worn—together with much sand, clay and, in some places, quicksand. The drift is of varying depths from several hundred feet in some of the valleys to a few feet or perhaps only an occasional boulder on some of the summits.

Frequent depressions or "kettle holes" occur in the drift which, having become filled with water, now constitute beautiful ponds and little lakes. Two of these—Echo Lake and Mineola Lake—are surrounded by high banks of drift and have no visible outlet, although the former has a subterranean drainage into Coolbaugh Pond and from there into Marshall Creek, while the latter has a similar underground outlet through the coarse gravel into McMichael's Creek, a quarter of a mile away. Lake Paponoming is also an old glacial kettle hole,

filled with water and surrounded by banks of drift forty or fifty feet high, located in the line of the Great Terminal Moraine.

So we are indebted to the great glacier for much of the picturesque beauty of the Poconos that we enjoy today. Nature formed the plateau with its hills and mountains and valleys many millions of years ago; but she put on the finishing touches for us within the comparatively recent time of the last million years.

Having with one long sweeping stride stepped back into the dim past to the ice age, I kept on going and, from an imaginary distant point, surveyed the universe and pictured the passing of the ages, the centuries marking time with the slow regular certainty of the "tick tock," "tick tock" of an old grandfather's clock. There was the 300,000 years just before the ice age that marked the age of man; and immediately preceding that was the age of mammals, which covered 3,000,000 years; and before that the age of reptiles, which lasted 11,000,000 years; and then the age of fishes, which covered the vast period of 34,000,000 years; and on back through the age of invertebrates, which dragged on for millions upon millions of years. It was impossible to comprehend it all, and I recalled the conception of the vastness of time given by John Burroughs in "Time and Change":

> "She (Nature) has had no vision of sudden wealth. To clothe the earth from soil made from the disintegrated mountain—can we figure that time to ourselves? The Orientals try to get a hint of eternity by saying that when the Himalayas have been ground to powder by allowing a gauze veil to float against them once in a thousand years, eternity will only have just begun. Our mountains have been pulverized by a process almost as slow. In our case the gauze veil is the air, and the rains, and the snows, before which even granite crumbles. See what the god of erosion, in the shape of water, has done in the river valleys and gorges—cut a

Photograph by Ernest Corts

FROM THE TOP OF SPRUCE MOUNTAIN

> mile deep in the Colorado Canyon, and yet the canyon is but of yesterday in geologic time. Only give the evolutionary god time enough and all these miracles are surely wrought."

Evidently we have still a long way to go before we reach eternity. The things of life which seem so all-important to us in our busy world fade into insignificance when compared to the life of a mountain and the definite certainty with which nature slowly but surely works her wonders. If the Colorado Canyon is but of yesterday in geologic time, then the many beautiful little gorges and waterfalls that lie hidden in the Poconos are of today's creation, still in swaddling clothes and not yet exposed to the full light of day. We can only guess what nature, working out destiny ever so slowly, has in store for future generations of tomorrow.

ORIGINAL INHABITANTS—THE INDIANS

THE original inhabitants of the Poconos are as much a matter of conjecture as the first inhabitants of our continent. Some say that the deserts developed by the interglacial epochs caused man and animal life to migrate to regions that were more abundant with water and food, thus spreading the human race outward from its original home in Central Asia to cover the continent, and, in time, other continents beyond the seas.

Others claim that man first reached the continent of North America by way of the Bering Strait, where there are two small islands in a stretch of water only about thirty-five miles wide—an expanse frequently frozen over. Gradual migration through the cold regions of the north eliminated the highest types of the race. The monotonous long periods of cold and darkness in the Arctic regions are very enervating and only those can endure whose nerves lack sensitiveness and who are able to bear with stolid indifference long privation and the hardships of the region.

A sojourn in such a climate for several generations would be a large factor in the development of the characteristics found in the American Indian. Stopping for periods of time during the gradual migration from Central Asia along the cold Alaskan route, probably weeded out the highly developed type of mind. The alert, nervous temperament that leads to invention and progress, succumbed and left those of phlegmatic temperament and greater strength and hardiness of body to survive and further develop the qualities of bravery, stoicism and physical perfection found in the American Indian.

Fiske believes that about the time of the last glacial period, the original inhabitants of our continent came by way of "Lofty Ridge," now submerged, which then extended from France to Greenland by way of the British Isles, the Orkney, Shetland and Tarve groups to Iceland.

There are many who claim that the original inhabitants of this continent must have come from Kamchatka or China, or that they were remnants of the ten tribes of Israel. William Penn appears to have shared this latter belief, for in a letter to a friend, dated August 16, 1683, he wrote:

> "For their original, I am ready to believe them of the Jewish race; I mean of the stock of the 'ten tribes,' and that for the following reasons: First, they were to go to a 'land not planted or known,' which to be sure, Asia and Africa were, if not Europe. In the next place, I find them of like countenance and their children of so lively a resemblance that a man would think himself in Duke's Place or Berry Street in London, when he seeth them. But this is not all. They agree in rites; they reckon by moons; they offer their first fruits; they have a kind of feast of tabernacles; they are said to lay their altar upon twelve stones; their mourning period is for a year and the customs of their women, with many other things, point to strong resemblances."

While all of the theories regarding the first inhabitants of our continent are interesting, there are no very definite and tangible facts to substantiate any one of them to the exclusion of the others. So we may have the privilege of selection, adopting whichever theory appeals to us the most and then reasoning it out afterward. For after all most of us are not the cold and scientific, calculating creatures we may like to think we are. Our acts are more often the result of impulse or desire than they are of calm and reflective thought. They are the result of forces and combinations of forces, past as well as present, habits and characteristics that have come down through the

ages to exert their influence today and produce the impulses that result in our actions.

Of one thing we can be certain. The Indians were here when the first white men arrived from Europe. The Esquimaux are said to have records upon bark of events in their history centuries back. The ancient parchment of the Icelander tells of its once warm climate and green plateaus. But the poor driven Indians have left behind them only a few legends of their ancient history. Important events are said to have transpired among them, but their certainty is as doubtful as their date.

Of the various tribes of the East, those chiefly inhabiting the Poconos were the Lenni-Lenape, more commonly but erroneously called "The Delawares." The Lenni-Lenape claimed great antiquity and superiority over other Indian nations. Their very name, "Lenni-Lenape," signifies "the original people—a race of human beings who are the same as they were in the beginning, unchanged and unmixed." They asserted that they had existed from the beginning of time; and, in fact, many Indian nations, such as the Miamis, the Wyandots, the Shawanese, and more than twenty other tribes or nations, admitted their antiquity and called them "grandfathers."

According to their own legend, the ancestors of the Lenni-Lenape had dwelt in a far-away country beyond the "Father of Waters" (the "Mamoesi Sipi," or Mississippi) and near to "the wide sea in which the sun sank every night." Long before the white men came they traveled eastward seeking a fairer land of which their prophets had told them. Near the Mississippi they met the Iroquois, another powerful nation, of which they had never known. They continued their journey eastward, traveling with the Iroquois, neither in warfare nor in friendship, but finding that they must unite against a common enemy—the Allegwi. These Indians were stronger in numbers, equally brave and more skilled in war. They had

progressed much further than the other wandering tribes and had fortified towns and numerous strongholds.

The first encounter with the Allegwi resulted in defeat for the invader; but after recovering from the first shock, they fought desperately and drove the Allegwi back and finally annihilated them. This obstacle to their progress having been overcome by their united strength, the Iroquois and Lenape ranged eastward, the former keeping to the northward and the latter to the southward until they reached the Hudson and the Delaware, respectively. Here they found the land they had sought from the waters of the Pacific.

The Iroquois, or "five nations," consisting of the confederated tribes of the Mohawks, Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, and Oneidas, incorporated, about the year 1712, the southern tribe of the Tuscaroras, and became the "six nations."

The Lenni-Lenape divided into nations in much the same manner, the most notable being branches of the "Unamies" (Turtle), the "Unalachtgo" (Turkey), and the "Minsi" (Wolf). The domain of these nations extended from the sea coast between the Chesapeake and Long Island Sound, back beyond the Susquehanna to the Alleghenies and northward to the hunting grounds of the Iroquois. All of this territory was not regarded as the common country of the tribes but set apart for them in more or less distinctly defined districts.

The Unamies and Unalachtgo subdivided into tribes of the Assunpinks, Matas, Chichequaas, Shackamaxons, Tutelos, Nanticokes, and many others, occupying the lower country toward the coast. The more warlike tribe of the Minsi had chosen to live back of the other tribes, thus forming a kind of bulwark for their protection, watching the movements of the "six nations" and being at hand to offer aid in case of rupture with them.

The Minsi extended their settlement from Minisink, a well-known island in the Delaware, where they had their council seat and fire, to the Hudson on the east and far beyond the Susquehanna to the west and south. As late as 1742, they had a town with a peach orchard on a tract of land where the town of Nazareth in Northampton County now stands. Today Minisink is known chiefly by its proximity to the Shawnee Golf Club.

These Indian tribes of the Pocono regions were almost constantly at war with the Iroquois Indians of New York State. After the advent of the French in Canada, the Iroquois shrewdly sought to pacify the Lenape Indians and with skillful diplomacy, induced them to abandon arms and act as mediators between all nations, practice agriculture, avoid war, and thus promote their growth and exercise their influence toward the preservation of the entire Indian race. This appeal was successful, and the Lenni-Lenape, unsuspecting, fell into this trap. They became women instead of men, as they expressed it. Their confidence was rewarded with treachery, and it was not long before the Iroquois were the strongest and most warlike tribes of the East.

When the English arrived they were received as kindly by the Lenape Indians as had been the Dutch settlers before them. But the Lenape were doomed again to be deceived, for the English, in time, turned from them and made friends with their enemies, the Iroquois, just as the Dutch had done.

The Lenape, however, never ceased to revere William Penn, the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania, who had dealt with them in treaty and council most fairly and honestly. They laid all of their subsequent wrongs to the mischievous people who got into power after their "good brother" had gone away and who, they said, not content with the land they had been given, contrived to rob them of all their possessions. They always main-

tained they were insulted and treated in a degrading manner at treaties to which the English were parties, particularly at Easton in November, 1737, and at Philadelphia in July, 1742.

It was these injustices that caused the Lenape to take up the tomahawk against the English in the French and Indian Wars, at the close of which they withdrew altogether from the proximity of the white settlements and retired into the wilds of what is now Susquehanna County. Here they were not to stay long, for later the Iroquois sold the whole country to the English, and forced the Lenape to vacate their settlements. The Lenni-Lenape migrated farther westward, and finally retraced the steps made by their ancestors from the Pacific centuries before.

The language of the Lenni-Lenape is said to be the most perfect of all Indian tongues. It is distinguished by its beauty, strength and flexibility. It has the power of compressing a whole sentence into a single word. This is done by taking the most important syllable of each word and sometimes a single letter, combining them in slightly varying forms or with different terminations, the laws of euphony being observed, and thus forming a new word, expressing a variety of ideas.

The language of the Minsi differs somewhat from that of the Southern tribes but not enough to be a separate dialect. It was a little broader, more guttural, and not quite so pleasant to the ear, but never so harsh as some of the now commonly accepted spellings would indicate.

The Indians possessed an extraordinary appreciation of the beauties of nature and gave to their rivers, lakes, mountains and valleys and various lands, names that were descriptive and expressive when understood and pronounced by them. Many of these names still survive as the names of mountains, rivers and places in the Pocono region.

"Kittatinny"—a name familiar to those who have visited the Delaware Water Gap, was the Indian name for what we know today as the Blue Ridge Mountains. It signified "The endless mountains."

"Lackawanna"—a river on the western edge of the Poconos, is derived from "Lackawanneck," a corruption of "Lechaw-hanneck," signifying "The forks of a stream."

"Lackawaxen"—a quiet and peaceful village along the beautiful pastoral stream of the same name in Pike County, is a corruption of "Lechawesink," which signifies "Where the roads part."

"Lehigh"—a beautiful, rippling trout-stream, lined with white birch and beech, that flows out of the Poconos to contribute its share, as a river, to the busy industrial centers of Easton, Allentown and Bethlehem, is derived from "Lechaw-weeki," or "Lechanwekink," signifying "Where there are forks."

"Mauch Chunk"—with its switchback railway to the top of the mountain and beautiful fall foliage and scenery yearly attracting many thousands of excursionists, is a corruption of "Machk-Tschunk," which translated meant "Where there is a mountain the resort of bears."

"Minisink"—an island in the Delaware River near the Water Gap, the home of one of the first white settlers in this section of the country, was derived from "Minis-ink," or "Mimissink," which in the Indian language meant "Where there are Minsies," or "Country of the Minsies."

"Paupac"—a beautiful little lake with picturesque surroundings, in the northern Pocono country, is the highest natural lake in Pennsylvania. It has not been corrupted from the original Indian word, which, interpreted, means "Lake in the clouds."

"Pocono"—the name applied to the whole region as well as a stream in Monroe County, is a corruption of "Poco-hanne," signifying "A stream between mountains."

"Pohopoco"—or "Big Creek," emptying into the Lehigh River, is a corruption of "Pochkapochka," which signifies "Two mountains bearing down upon each other, with a stream intervening."

"Poponoming"—a small lake in Monroe County, is derived from "Papennamink," which signifies "Where we are gazing."

"Shohola"—a wildly coursing stream in the extreme north-eastern part of the Pocono country, is derived from "Schauwihilla," the Indian word meaning "weak," "faint" or "depressed."

"Tobyhanna"—a well-known beaver stream emptying into the Lehigh, is a corruption of "Topi-hanne," which signified "Alder-Stream"—"A stream whose banks are fringed with Alder."

"Tunkhannock"—a branch of the Tobyhanna is a corruption of "Tank-hanne," meaning the "small stream." The smallest of two or more complements to a river was always called "Tank-hanne."

"Wallenpaupac"—a branch of the Lackawaxen, dividing Wayne and Pike Counties, is derived from "Walinkpo-peck," signifying "swift and slow water," which well characterizes its alternating quiet pools and dashing falls and rapids.

What a beautiful, softly melodious language when spoken by one who understood its pronunciation and inflection; and how expressive of the place or person or thing to which it applied! The history of an Indian nation might almost be written in the names of its settlements, the geographical fea-

tures of their country and of their successive chiefs and tribes —stories of bravery and cowardice—war and peace—invasion and final conquest by the white men from another land far beyond their own.

FIRST SETTLERS

SOME historians claim that the first actual visit of white men into Pennsylvania occurred about six years after Hudson's call at the capes, the first of the white pioneers in Pennsylvania being a Frenchman who came from Canada, Ettiene Brule, a follower of Champlain the first governor of "New France." This man was Champlain's interpreter and guide—"the dauntless woodsman and pioneer of pioneers," Parker calls him—yet a man of qualities not all heroic.

Others claim that the earliest settlement by Europeans was along the Delaware River near Milford, where a party of Hollanders from Esopus (now Kingston, N. Y.) established a small colony. In their opinion this first settlement of the Hollanders at Shawnee in "Meenesink" was many years older than William Penn's charter.

The territory of Minisink was a narrow irregular strip of land meandering along the Delaware in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York, including the valley of the Delaware from the Water Gap to Calicon, New York. Great antiquity is claimed for the Dutch settlements in lower Pennsylvania Minisink, and many careless writers asserted as a fact that the Dutch were located upon the Delaware in what are now Monroe and Pike Counties not only prior to the coming of Penn in 1682, but before the settlements of the Swedes on lower Delaware; and that this region, therefore, was the first in all Pennsylvania occupied by Europeans.

The Hollanders, who found the Hudson in 1609 and bought the Island of Manhattan for about twenty-four dollars, had dominion over the country as far west as the Delaware until

it was wrested from them by the English in 1664. Seeking commerce, they had gone as far west as the Susquehanna. Soon after the trading post was established at Albany in 1614, three of these men had wandered out into the interior along the Mohawk River, crossed the dividing watershed to Otsego Lake and gone down the Susquehanna River, crossing over to the Delaware by way of the Lackawanna and Lehigh Rivers. These three Hollanders were probably the first white men to set foot on what is now Pennsylvania soil.

It was De Pui, a Huguenot, who came to Minisink from Esopus in 1725, purchased a large portion of level land (now Shawnee) from the Minsi Indians in 1727, and two islands in the Delaware known as "Shawano" and "Manwalamink." The southeast portion of the Poconos can thus claim the distinction of having one of the first pioneer settlements of Pennsylvania, owing to the well authenticated location of Nicolas De Pui on the west side of the Delaware in 1727.

The assumption that the Dutch were in Minisink many years before the first recorded permanent settlements were made, rests on the existence of old mines in Pahaquarry Township, Warren County, New Jersey, and the old mine road from Esopus on the Hudson, to the Delaware. This road was a hundred miles long and so well built that it was still easily traveled when the English first came into this section of the country. In the mountains of Pahaquarry, half the distance between the Delaware Water Gap and Walpack Bend, were extensive openings—the remains of mines in which some enterprising people had sought and found copper.

Up to the time of the Revolution, nearly all the inhabitants of the Pennsylvania portion of the Minisink were those who came with the tide of emigration from the Hudson. About 1780, however, a tide of emigration set in from the southward

and southwest. This brought mainly the descendants of the early settlers from Philadelphia, Montgomery, Bucks and Northampton Counties. They found the most desirable land south of the mountains already occupied and pushed north across the great barrier and made for themselves homes and farms in Cherry Valley and in the valleys of the Brodhead and Pocono Creeks. This emigration continued until about 1800. Between that year and 1820, there came a second wave flowing from the same direction, which brought a somewhat higher type of settlers, mostly from Bucks County. There also came Germans who swept by the valley settlers and located on the higher lands.

While the first settlements in the region of the lower Minisink were spreading out northward along the Delaware, the territory of the upper Minisink embracing the land between the Wallenpaupac and the Lackawaxen streams on the south, and the state line on the north, was still a pristine wilderness, untouched by the feet of white men, and with forest unscathed by his axe and clearing fires. This was the disputed hunting ground of the Lenni-Lenape and the Iroquois. Some time between 1750 and 1760, the first authenticated settlement was made on the eastern border of this unknown land. The stroke of the axe resounded along the river and through the dusky lanes of the forest, and soon the smoke was curling upward from the stick and stone chimneys of half a dozen small crude log cabins.

It is supposed to have been in the year 1757, that a man named Carter, with his family, settled along the bank of the Wallenpaupac Creek—the first white family to visit the neighborhood. The forests and streams provided abundantly for the simple wants of Carter and his family, but he lived here only a short time, being killed by the tomahawk of the Indians whose country he was invading. No other white man ven-

tured to settle in the Paupac region for a number of years, and it was not until a short time previous to the Revolution that a settlement here was successful.

Under warrants issued from the Proprietary office in 1748, a tract of land along the Wallenpaupac Creek, containing 12,150 acres, was surveyed in the latter part of 1751 for the use of the proprietaries of Pennsylvania. This tract, called the "Wallenpaupac Manor," was conveyed to the Honorable James Wilson, who gave a mortgage to John Penn the elder, and John Penn the younger, who were the vendors.

Along the Wallenpaupac Creek, there was an Indian clearing near which some enterprising whites settled in 1774. As soon as they decided to locate permanently in this region, they built a fort. Hewed timber thick enough to be bullet-proof was placed upright in deep ditches, which were then filled in so that these strong upright timbers were firmly secured, thus making a strong stockade for protection against troublesome Indians. The inclosure contained about an acre of land and included a never-failing spring of water. Within the fort was a blockhouse, on the top of which a bullet-proof sentry-box was built that afforded the sentry on guard a view in all directions. A guard-house was built just outside the inclosure.

It is interesting to find today actual verification of these historic accounts. I remember with what great difficulty I succeeded in getting the story of this old stockade at first hand. I had been traveling through the Poconos on horseback and, on this particular day, found myself in an unsettled section where food and shelter for horse and man were nowhere to be seen. I had been told I could probably stay over night at the Westbrook farm, the location of which was rather indefinitely described as several miles in on the road past Lake Arthur, after leaving Paupac. The younger Westbrook was very dubious about my finding lodging there and I was considerably

BLACK BILL AT THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

Photograph by the author

relieved when his elder brother regarded me with increasingly less suspicion and finally decided he guessed they could "put me up for the night."

"Black Bill" was promptly made comfortable with fresh straw and oats and hay, and he seemed to feel particularly at home with the other horses and cattle in the large well-built barn. I "washed up" at the pump and enjoyed a good country supper, in silence with the other members of the family and a boarder or two. After the meal, it took several pipefuls of tobacco and a number of blazing logs in the fireplace to thaw out the frigid reticence of the brothers, as we sat around the fire, down in what had formerly been the bar-room.

The Westbrook house is located on the site of an old stockade, one corner of which is still marked by a mound along the side of the road. This mound, they told me, covered the remains of what was the southeast foundation of this fort of the early Indian days. According to their account the stockade was about sixty feet square, built of large white pine logs about eighteen inches in thickness, so constructed that a rifle ball fired from the high ground on the east toward the fort, could not strike the opposite side of the pailings below the level of a man's head. The stockade was situated diagonally across the present road between Lake Arthur and the entrance to the Blooming Grove Hunting and Fishing Club's fifty thousand acre game preserve. Two of the main Indian trails passed nearby—the old Iroquois Trail north and south, and the Wyoming Trail east and west. When the Indians became hostile during the Revolution, this primitive fort served a very useful purpose. Without its protection, the neighbors would all eventually have been massacred. An apple tree is now growing where one of the chimneys stood, the other chimney being down by the spring, which still furnishes an abundance of what I thought the best spring water I ever drank. The

names of Captain Westbrook and his nephew, Abraham Westbrook, occurred often in the accounts of the early battles with the Indians.

The Wallenpaupac settlers were driven out by the Indians who had repeatedly protested their presence to the proprietary government, which had warned the settlers and asked them to leave. They made no attempt to return until after the Revolution when seventeen of the original settlers returned in 1783, only to find fourteen log houses still standing, with grass and weeds growing through the cracks in the floors and scrub-oak and pine growing in the meadows. It was a forlorn and dismal sight that greeted their return; but they were a stalwart race of men and women and with stout hearts began over again. There was less danger; but the first year the corn crop failed, and the winter of 1784 was a severe one. From this time on, however, the settlement prospered, and the beautiful flat lands along the Wallenpaupac still produce excellent grain and luxurious grass.

Farther south, in what is now the southern edge of the summer resort section of the Poconos, the earliest settlement was made by the Larner (now Learn) family. John Larner came with his family from Philadelphia, about 1750, and settled near what is now the village of Tannersville. Before and during the Revolution there was a boat path from Stroudsburg to Tannersville along the banks of the Pocono Creek. Sometime after the settlement of the Larner family, a settler following this path discovered Indian tracks and, rushing to Tannersville about two miles away, informed the family of John Larner. The following day, George Larner was engaged in mowing in the field adjacent to his house when a band of Indians appeared and, placing themselves between him and the house, fired and wounded him. Seizing a fence rail, he defended himself with great bravery, but was finally over-

powered and killed while endeavoring to reach the house of his brother John. After scalping him, the Indians started for the house and securing his wife and child, carried them to Big Pocono Mountain. Settlers started in pursuit only to find that both had been killed, and their bodies mutilated in a most inhuman fashion. John Larner, the father, having heard the firing, approached to learn its cause, saw an Indian, shot and killed him, but thus revealed his presence to the other Indians and brought death to himself. John Larner, Jr., on the following day discovered an Indian stalking about and wreaked his vengeance on him by killing him and having his body dragged by a yoke of oxen and left unburied some distance away.

Thus, the first settlement in the lower Pocono country resulted in a massacre that wiped out almost the entire family of the man who had the courage and the industry to open up this wilderness to settlers. What was then a fighting ground with savage redskins lurking in its wilderness has become today a pleasant playground of open fields, and running brooks, with an occasional woodlot and lake, all attracting visitors and tourists and vacationists from the nearby cities.

FALLS OF THE BUSHKILL NEAR RESSACA

Photograph by the author

LORE AND LEGEND

MUCH of the lore and legend concerning the Indians who roamed the Pocono country and the white settlers who came after them, is being lost in this busy material age. The Indians, after the day's hunt, would spend the evening about the camp-fire, taciturn and quiet, or relating deeds of valor and bravery, and the happenings of past generations, thus keeping alive the ancient lore and traditions of their tribes. The settling of the country in and around the Poconos furnished many of these interesting stories—some of them perhaps exaggerated or enlarged with the help of a bit of imagination in the telling, others entirely true and verified.

There are the Winona Falls, near Bushkill on the Delaware, which are said to have been named after Winona, the daughter of an Indian Chief. The Indians had planned to massacre the white settlers, but Winona had a lover among them to whom she confided the news. Thus the secret plan was divulged. The settlers escaped the intended massacre, but Winona was killed by the Indians as a punishment for what they considered her treachery to them.

Not far from here is the Cortwright farm, where I stayed one night, during my wanderings through the Poconos. After an excellent country supper, Willis Cortwright and I adjourned to the parlor to smoke and talk. He told me how his grandfather, William Cortwright, while working in one of the fields near what is now Echo Lake had been captured by the Indians. Settlers pursued the Indians who had come through Ressaca. Cortwright had managed to break twigs and branches as he went along and the settlers followed the trail until they came

upon their encampment that night at Indian Spring. The pursuers picked their best riflemen who shot the Indian sentinel. The rest gave alarm and escaped leaving Cortwright restored to his friends.

No story of the Pocono country of the earlier days would be complete without Tom Quick. In the borough of Milford, in the northeastern section of the Pocono country, stands a monument about seven feet high, erected to the memory of "Tom Quick, 'The Indian Slayer,' or 'The Avenger of the Delawares,' Born 1734—Died 1796." On the sides of this monument is carved the following inscription:—

"Thomas Quick, Sr., father of Tom Quick, his oldest child, emigrated from Holland to America and settled on this spot in 1733. He was the first white settler in this part of the Upper Delaware; and his log cabin, saw mill and grist mill, built on this bank of the Van de Mark, were the first structures ever erected by white men in the settlement of this region.

"After a peaceful residence here of twenty years, and of unbroken friendship with the Indians, Thomas Quick, Sr., while crossing the Delaware on the ice, carrying a grist on his shoulder, was shot and scalped by his supposed friends, the Delawares, who were lying in ambush along the bluff on the south side of the mouth of the Van de Mark, and a half mile east of his humble home.

"Tom Quick was the first white child born within the limits of the present borough of Milford. This spot was his birthplace and home till the cruel death of his father by the Indians, 1756.

"Maddened by the death of his father at the hands of the savages, Tom Quick never abated his hostility to them till the day of his death, a period of over 40 years.

"Tom Quick died in 1796 at the house of James Rosencrantz, on the bank of the Delaware, five miles northeast of this spot, and was buried on the farm of his friend in what is now the Rose Cemetery, two miles south of Matamoras. His remains were taken up on the 110th anniversary of the battle of the Minisink, July 22, 1889, and placed beneath this monument.

"This monument was erected by a descendant of Thomas Quick, Sr., of the fourth generation, in youth a resident of Milford, in age one of the founders of the Chicago Tribune and, from 1865 to 1869 lieutenant-governor of the state of Illinois.

"Done under the direction of Rev. A. S. Gardner, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Milford 1889."

According to the story, Tom was with his father when he was killed. As his father was dying, he urged his son to flee for his life. He finally agreed and escaped just in time to avoid being killed himself, vowing eternal vengeance against all Indians. From that time on, the demon of unrelenting savage hatred took possession of Tom Quick.

After the French and Indian war both settlers and Indians returned more or less to their old haunts. Among the Indians who came back was the drunken vagabond, Muskwink, who had assisted in murdering Tom's father. About two years after the war Tom went to Decker's tavern in the Neversink. Muskwink was there somewhat intoxicated, very bold and talkative, claiming Tom's acquaintance and desiring him to drink with him. Tom refused and bestowed a contemptuous epithet upon the Indian which aroused his rage and the two began arguing until Muskwink gave a detailed account of the killing of Tom Quick's father, asserting that he scalped him with his own hands, and imitating the grimaces of the dying man. This incited Tom to such an extent that he grabbed an old French musket from its pegs on the wall of the bar-room and, finding it loaded, drove the Indian outside and for a mile into the woods where he shot him.

His next exploit was the murdering of an Indian family consisting of the Indian's wife and three children, who were in a canoe on the Delaware near Butler's rift. Tom recognized the Indian as one who had visited his father's house before the war. From this time on, so deep rooted was his desire for revenge that it became the one and only purpose of his life.

He killed a number of Indians and had many miraculous escapes himself.

One of the stories told about him relates how a party of seven Indians caught him splitting rails and told him he must go along with them. He said, "All right, if you will help me get this log split in two." So they put their fingers in the crack in the log on either side to assist him in pulling it apart, whereupon he knocked the wedge out and as their fingers were fast in the log, he killed them at his leisure.

Another story tells how, upon hunting with an Indian with the understanding that he was to have the meat and the Indian the skins, they killed seven deer. Tom fell behind the Indian who had the skins on his back, shot him and took the skins along with the meat. Hanging this up in the woods to dry, he said he had shot a buck with seven skins.

Tradition says that on his deathbed he claimed to have killed ninety-nine Indians and begged them to bring in an old Indian who lived in the settlement so that he might kill him before he died and make it one hundred.

He was outlawed by the government and it was understood that no Indian who killed him would be held accountable by the whites. In his old age, he was looked upon as a hero by the pioneer hunters and trappers. They say that in his latter days he carried his favorite rifle until the stock where it rested on his shoulder was worn through so that the ramrod was visible there.

The Indian slayer, weather beaten, with worn-out accoutrements and dogs in keeping, would provide a good character-study for a novelist. It would be difficult to find a parallel to the life of Tom Quick, waging relentless warfare single-handed against a savage foe, outlawed by his own government yet still continuing to murder his victims until his name became

a terror to his foes and he died at last, unrepentant, and handed down to posterity by contemporary frontiersmen as a hero.

And there was "French Charlie," an odd character commonly called "Old French Charlie," but whose real name was Charles Baptiste Ariel. In his youth, he had lived with the Northwestern Indians. He had been in the employ of General Wayne as an Indian runner and, after an honorable discharge, he was for many years a boatman on the rivers in Canada. He was skilled as a trout fisher and familiar with the wild life of the forest, imitating many of the birds and animals and calling them to him.

Richard Drinker, in his "Reminiscences of the Beech Woods" says "French Charlie had not lived with me long before some of the hands complained that he frequently disturbed them in the night by groaning and talking in his sleep and sometimes would suddenly rise from his bed and walk hurriedly to and fro muttering something in an unknown tongue in a low and dismal tone of voice." Mr. Drinker inquired of French Charlie what was the trouble but could secure very little information from him, until one day in private, Charlie confessed to Drinker about his adoption into an Indian tribe, being given an Indian "brother" by the chief in accordance with the custom of the tribe, whereby the surviving brother inherited the other's possessions.

Charlie was the more successful trapper of the two and soon sold pelts enough in Detroit to buy for himself a good rifle and a handsome young horse with saddle and bridle. Not long after this, the Indian brother proposed a long hunting trip along the Wabash after wild turkeys. Anxious to prove his new rifle French Charlie consented to go and, after obtaining reluctant permission from the chief, they set out. On the fifth day, after a fatiguing chase, they killed a few turkeys

and encamped in the evening near the banks of the Wabash, deep in the dark forests and far from the haunts of men.

Here, by the blazing cheerful fire, they cooked their turkey and after a hearty supper, Indian like, sat in silence gazing on the bright flames and sparks until both appeared to fall asleep. At least French Charlie fell asleep for he was soon dreaming of shooting wild turkeys, spending a long time in calling to him a wild turkey. When the turkey came within rifle range and he tried his new gun, it missed fire for the first time. The turkey flew a short distance and then stopped, still in rifle range. Again his rifle snapped, and so loudly this time, that it woke him up. His Indian brother was nowhere to be seen. The fire was low and, now awake, he again heard the well known click of a rifle. Then, while the Indian was apparently examining his rifle, he threw off his blanket, found and examined his own gun, and stealthily stole toward the ambush of his treacherous brother. When within about ten yards of it, the fire suddenly flamed up and he saw the Indian picking at the flint with his knife. When the Indian looked up at the fire and saw his target gone, his keen eye glanced eagerly and wonderingly on each side and at last became fixed on the barrel of the Frenchman's rifle, pointed directly at him. He threw down his rifle and fell on his knees begging for mercy but Charlie said "I believe you snapped three times at me and if I snap as many times at you, you shall go clear." There was a sharp report and the Indian, with a wild unearthly yell, sprang forward and fell to the ground dead.

French Charlie tied up the Indian in a blanket, with his rifle and all his hunting apparatus, and then put a heavy stone to his neck and plunged him into the Wabash. Returning home to his tribe, the chief asked Charlie where he had left his brother and the reply being, "On the Wabash hunting turkeys," was received with an Indian grunt on the part of

the chief and the brief remark, "He was a bad man," after which no question was ever asked concerning him either by the chief or any of the tribe. Charlie had killed the Indian in self-defense, but he had killed an unarmed man begging for mercy, and his peace of mind was gone forever.

About eighteen months after Charlie left the service of Richard Drinker, he became entirely deranged. Upon the approach of warm weather he had repeatedly said he must visit his relatives in Canada and, sometime after, he started away from the benevolent family that had taken him in. Later he was found dead under the bridge at Bear Creek, near Wilkes-Barre.

At the time of the Revolution, the British offered large rewards for scalps of Americans so as to incite the Indians to more murderous activity and annoy and exterminate the frontier settlements as fast and frightfully as possible.

Isaac Tripp was a man of some little prominence among his associates and the Indians were often asked by the British why he was not killed. They replied "Tripp is a good man." He was a Quaker and his intercourse with the Indians had been so universally kind and conciliatory that when he fell into their hands as a prisoner in 1778 upon the flats of Capouse, they were not disposed to harm him but let him go, after painting his face with war paint as was their custom with those they did not wish to harm. A short time after this, Tripp was sent to Hartford, Connecticut, to represent the wants and grievances of the Wyoming colony, and he very naturally removed the paint from his face. After his return a double reward was offered for his scalp and, having forfeited their protection by removing the war paint, he was shot and scalped the first time he was discovered.

"Tamanend" or "Tammany," was the most celebrated and illustrious chief of the Lenni-Lenape Indians in the whole

history of their nation. His name is perpetuated by numerous societies since organized. His name was not only applied to a local lodge of the Masonic Fraternity but he was established as "St. Tammany" the patron Saint of America.

Heckewalder says of this old chief, whose name characterizes one of the most widely known political organizations in the country today, "He was in the highest degree endowed with wisdom, virtue, prudence, charity, affability, meekness, hospitality—in short with every good and noble qualification that a human being may possess."

Within the present limits of Monroe County, were several Indian villages. It was a part of the land of the Minisink and it was here that the celebrated Delaware Indian chief, Teedyuscung, long resided. He was born in the Pocono country and no Indian warrior who trod the soil of Pennsylvania is more deserving of a place in history than that brave chieftain. He was the oldest of the aborigines and played a distinguished part during the border war. There is a tradition that when Teedyuscung, chief of the Lenni-Lenape, was living in Stroudsburg, a blacksmith who was not of much account said to him,

"Well, cousin, how do you do?"

"Cousin? How do you make that out?" was the puzzled reply.

"Oh, we all come from Adam," said the blacksmith.

"I am glad it is no nearer," was the Indian's retort.

THE WHITE INVASION

THE invasion of the vast domain that made up the happy hunting grounds of the Indian, and the forests that sheltered his wigwam, was one of the tragedies attendant upon advancing civilization. The poor, wandering Indian, pushed farther and farther back into the interior from the Atlantic seaboard until finally forced to make his last stand in the west, seems a pathetic figure. It is true that the land was usually bought and paid for by the white settlers, at least in the beginning; and it may be maintained that there is no cause for sympathy with the Indian who was necessarily a party to any agreement of sale. But the childlike simplicity of the Indian was no match for the knowledge and experience of the traveled European. Sooner or later the Indian came to realize that the white men were taking advantage of him. Then there developed within him feelings of discontent, resentment at the further invasion of his domain, jealousy and hatred and, finally, the smouldering fires of revenge that burst into flame in the French and Indian war and the bloody massacres that occurred so frequently during that period of history.

There is a deep sense of satisfaction to a native Pennsylvanian in knowing that the settlement of his state had its beginning, not in conquest or invasion or bloodshed, but in the spirit of utmost friendliness and fairness with which William Penn dealt with the Indians at all times. Nor were they slow to realize this. They considered William Penn their friend, living at peace with him and his people.

Unfortunately Penn's sons and grandsons were not so highly endowed with this spirit of friendliness and fairness

and charity toward all men. They succumbed to the lure of land and gained further possessions by methods that, although not exactly dishonest, were tainted by too strict an interpretation of agreements with the Indians, unfairness and taking advantage of them whenever possible. This broke down the friendly relations that the original Penn had so well established and later brought the colonists of Pennsylvania their full share of trouble with the Indians.

The French in Canada had been gradually developing their plans of spreading down the Ohio and Mississippi valleys behind the English colonies. They were, at the same time, securing alliances with the Indians and inciting them to hostilities against the English. But so rapidly were the settlers advancing that often the land could not be purchased fast enough to prevent irritation and ill feeling. The Scotch-Irish and Germans settled on lands without the formality of purchase from the Indians. When the Indians complained, the government sometimes ejected the settlers but more often hastened to purchase from the Indians the land which had been occupied. "British Plantations in America" published in 1731, describes the Indians as peaceful and contented in Pennsylvania but irritated and unsettled in those other colonies where they had usually been defrauded.

The Lenni-Lenape Indians who had been allowed to take only a small part in recent treaties and transactions between the Iroquois and the descendants of William Penn, grew restive under what they considered an unwarranted encroachment on their domain and had several meetings with the proprietaries, at one of which it was agreed a previous treaty would be consummated and the extent of the purchase to be decided in a novel manner.

The proprietors were to receive such portion of the Indian territory as should be included within a line drawn north-

easterly from a point in or near Wrightstown, as far as a man could walk in a day and one-half, and a line drawn from his stopping place straight to the Delaware, which was to be the eastern boundary. Thus was brought about the celebrated "Walking purchase," an event in the history of this region which gave much dissatisfaction to the Indians and planted the germ of future trouble with them.

The proprietors, unknown to the Indians, sent some men out to make a preliminary walk and find out how much ground could be secured. These men blazed trees along the route, thus providing a marked pathway for the purchase walk. When the treaty was consummated in 1737, the receiver-general under Thomas Penn, arranged for the man who had "held out best" on the preliminary walk to perform the purchase walk, accompanied by two others for competition. Edward Marshall, James Yates, and Solomon Jennings, all noted for their powers of endurance, were selected to make the walk, accompanied by Timothy Smith, Sheriff of Bucks County, and John Chatman, surveyor, these two men to provide provisions, etc. All of these preliminaries were arranged in advance and it was arranged that the Indians send some of their young men along to see that the walk was fairly made. The walkers were promised five pounds in money and five hundred acres in land as a reward for their efforts.

The walk started near the junction of the Pennsville and Durham Roads at the Wrightstown house in Bucks County. The three men put their hands on a large chestnut tree at this place and as soon as the sun rose above the horizon, the signal was given by Sheriff Smith and they started. Yates led the way with a light step, followed by Jennings with the two Indian walkers. Marshall came along a considerable distance behind the others, swinging a hatchet and walking with an easy careless lope. They reached Red Hill in Bedminster in two

and one-half hours; took dinner with an Indian trader by the name of Wilson, along the Durham Creek; crossed the Lehigh a mile below Bethlehem and passing through the Blue Ridge at Smith's Gap, slept that night on the northern slope of these hills. The walk was resumed at sunrise the next day and terminated at noon when Marshall, who was the only one to hold out, threw himself at length upon the ground and grasped a sapling which was marked as the end of the line. Jennings had quit exhausted about two miles north of Tohickon. Yates had fallen at the foot of the mountain on the morning of the second day. He was quite blind when picked up and died three days later. Marshall, the champion of the walk, was not in the least injured by his exertions and lived to the age of 79. The Indians showed their dissatisfaction with the walk as it was made, frequently calling on the "walkers" not to run. They left the party before the walk was concluded.

It still remained to run the line to the Delaware from the extreme northwest point marking the end of the walk. Here arose another point of disagreement. The Indians had expected the line to run to the nearest point of the Delaware but it was actually run at right angles and reached the river at Lackawaxen, taking in about twice as much territory as the other way. It embraced all the territory between the Delaware and the lower Lehigh—in fact all of the valuable land south of the Blue Ridge—all of the Minisink flats north of the mountains to the mouth of the Lackawaxen.

The Indians had said that the walkers should have stopped to shoot game and to smoke, as the Indians usually do when engaged in a hunt. The proprietors were accused of trickery and dishonesty and this walking purchase drew upon them and their associates the bitter hatred of the Lenni-Lenape. Without a doubt, the proprietors acted unfairly and did not carry out the treaty in the manner that the Indians had ex-

pected when they agreed to it. The Iroquois, however, sided with the English and ordered the Lenni-Lenape to remove not only beyond the Delaware but to the Susquehanna. It was a cruel blow that was dealt to the Indian inhabitants of this territory. The walking purchase, terminating near the mouth of the Shohola, embraced more than 1000 square miles of territory beyond what the poor Indians supposed they would be selling, and included all of their beloved Minisink.

The Indians appear never to have forgotten or lost sight of Edward Marshall. Seven years before the Indian war began, they had attacked his family and neighbors and killed one of his sons. When the war broke out, Marshall and his family moved across the river into New Jersey, returning in the spring of 1756, only to have his home again attacked early the following year. A party of sixteen Indians appeared one day while Marshall was absent and began firing on all who were in sight. They shot his daughter who succeeded in getting away and eventually recovered; but they killed and scalped his wife. Thus, Marshall, who himself escaped the vengeance of the Indians, suffered for this remarkable feat performed for the benefit of the proprietaries.

As a result of these shrewd practices of the later proprietaries, the Indians allied themselves with the French and engaged in scalping men, women, and children among the Pennsylvania colonists. Soon after the first outbreak of the Indian hostilities during the period from 1755 to 1763, messengers were sent to Teedyuscung, chief of the Lenni-Lenape Indians, inviting him to meet the descendants of William Penn and tell the causes of the alienation of his people from them. Accordingly Teedyuscung met Governor Morris in treaty at Easton in July, 1756. During the negotiations he succeeded, by his eloquence, the weight of his personal character, his firmness and the cunning of his diplomacy, in re-

deeming his nation in a great degree from subserviency to the Iroquois; also in securing from the Proprietary Government, in substance, even if not in form, some acknowledgment and reparation for the wrongs done to his nation by the subtleties of the walking purchase. He would scarcely have succeeded in securing these advantages had he not been assisted and advised at every step by the Quakers and members of the Friendly association who were desirous of preserving peace and seeing justice done to the Indians. They suggested to him the propriety of having a secretary of his own (Charles Thompson, Esquire) to take minutes of what was said and done in council, this to prevent convenient forgetfulness. It is gratifying to find that those of William Penn's own Society of Friends thus made amends later as far as they were able, for the unfair advantage that was taken of the Indians by the walking purchase of 1737.

There were many other meetings for treaties and stating grievances between the white settlers and the Indians but the best influence of the white settlers did not avail sufficiently to prevent the Indians being given rum and being made so drunk that they were unable to negotiate intelligently. The result was a continuance of the Indian outrages, ravaging, destroying, shooting, and scalping. Indian excursions stealing upon frontier settlements, stealthily approached them and then with blood-curdling yells, pounced upon the helpless inhabitants by day and night.

Teedyuscung seriously disapproved of the continuance of the settlement that had been made by settlers who established a small colony at Cushutunk along the Delaware in the upper Minisink territory. The whole region from Cushutunk down to the Blue Mountains was repeatedly ravaged by the Indians in the employ of the British, and was the scene of frequent battles, murders, burnings, pillagings, and general consterna-

Photograph by Ernest Corts

INDIAN LADDER FALLS

tion and distress. Cushutunk was a peculiarly exposed locality during the Revolutionary war for it lay fartherest north of all the streams, upon the path down which the Indians came to strike the Minisink region; and in addition to this it suffered from internal dissension between the Patriots and Tories and between holders of lands under opposed titles.

At the Wallenpaupac settlement there was trouble made both by Indians and Tories in 1777, neither of these belonging to organized bands but rather renegade savages, outcasts from all tribes, and parties of vagabonds who took advantage of the general state of war to plunder wherever they could.

It was about this time that Fort Penn was built on the site of what is now the busy town of Stroudsburg. The fort was intended merely as a protection against the Indians in case they made incursions in such strength as to drive the scattered neighbors from their own homes. It was, in fact, a simple stockade around the house of Colonel Jacob Stroud, probably built by him entirely at his own expense.

The encroachments of the white settlers more and more upon the Indians and their territory, left in their minds ill feeling which was deep seated. Although they had removed to the banks of the Susquehanna, in compliance with the orders of the superior tribes to the north, this forced removal and the securing of their beloved Minisink lands by the walking purchase, rankled sorely with them. They finally secured revenge in the terrible Wyoming Massacre of June, 1778, when 400 Tories and 700 Indians advanced against Forty-Fort, where about four hundred of the remaining able-bodied men and boys gathered to resist them. History tells how this superior force starved out the garrison and forced their surrender, the British promising good treatment. But to the savages, military organization was a restraint to which they were not accustomed and it was very hateful to them. For

the most part, they did as they pleased, and bands of them remained to murder unsuspecting workmen in the fields and defenseless women and children at the firesides.

From the massacre that followed, few but women and children escaped. About five hundred old men, women and children fled in terror through sixty miles of wilderness, over the broad mountains and arid wastes that then formed the lower part of the Pocono. There were scarcely provisions enough to sustain life. There were mothers carrying infants and several aged men sought their way on crutches. For two or three days they lived upon whortleberries, which a kind Providence seems to have furnished in unusual abundance that season. Their flight led them through dismal swamps which afterward became known as the "Shades of Death." Over the greater part of this table-land there was a dense growth of pine with many expanses of dark murky water. Through all of this the fugitives passed in their flight from Wyoming until they reached Stroudsburg, where there was a small garrison. As this wet marshy land is being drained and reclaimed its forbidding name is being forgotten. It became known as the "Shades of Death" because so many of the refugees from the Wyoming massacre perished there.

These horrible massacres which accompanied the invasion of Indian lands by the white settlers, were the forerunners of a more peaceful invasion that began the year following the Wyoming massacre—an invasion of progress and development gradually supplanting the earlier invasion of warfare and destruction.

It is interesting to note, however, that one of the first of these peaceful invaders of the Pocono country was a military necessity—the Sullivan road, which is still pointed out to travelers and tourists and vacationists in the Poconos by natives or guides. After some of my earliest trips through that part

of the Pocono country that is traversed by the old Sullivan road, my confidence in what I was told by various natives and guides began to be shaken very seriously. If one were to believe them all, there were at least as many Sullivan roads as there were days in the week.

General Washington had appointed General Sullivan to proceed against the Indians responsible for the Wyoming massacre and other depredations with an armed force. During the autumn and spring following the massacre, orders were issued for the concentration of an adequate force at Wilkes-Barre. In April, Major Powell and two hundred men marched there by way of the bridle path through the Wind Gap and on by Bear Creek. By May, 1779, a disciplined force, of from three to four thousand, was concentrated at Easton and at Wilkes-Barre, with most of them at Easton. Between these two points the distance was over seventy miles, the way leading for the most part over steep and pathless mountains, set with rocks and rocky ledges and through undulating and densely covered forest country overspread with huge boulders and interseamed by many swift, and likewise many sluggish, streams.

Accordingly, it was across the Poconos that the historic Sullivan road was built. There had been a wagon road, as wagon roads then existed, from Easton through the Wind Gap, then diverging northerly along Chestnut Hill to a settlement then called "Larners," now Tannersville, at the foot of Pocono mountain. Nearer the Wind Gap, a bridle path left this wagon road and passed in a westerly direction over practically the same route later followed by the Easton and Wilkes-Barre turnpike. As a whole, this path was cut through the forest as early as 1762 or probably earlier. It was more than a bridle path, but not sufficiently wide for a wagon way.

Before it was possible to move any large armed force through this comparative wilderness, it was necessary to open up a

road. Detachments of road-builders, properly officered, consisting of riflemen, engineers, hunters, soldiers, axemen, etc. opened up the way, being followed by advance working parties from the main army, who widened and improved the road for the passage of the army and artillery.

The opening up of this road through heavy timber, almost impenetrable growths of laurel, over boulders of great size scattered in all directions and through swamps, was accompanied by great privation and suffering on the part of these advance road builders. There are several places that today mark the course of the Sullivan road and commemorate the trials and tribulations of the men who built it. Soon after crossing Mud Run, the road builders came to a small round hill, some of them going back to Fort Penn (Stroudsburg) for provisions, and the remainder staying there several days building the road through a swamp at the northwestern base of the hill. The provisions did not arrive in time and the suffering of the nearly famished party was severe. Ironically, they named two places in this vicinity "Hungry Hill," and "Hell's Kitchen." On the hill a tree was marked by the letters "Hungry Hill" cut into its bark. A tree in a swamp nearby was marked "Hell's Kitchen" in letters about two inches in size, the bark having been peeled off the tree about half way around, and the letters cut into the solid wood. Nearly a hundred years ago Frederick P. Miller sawed a block out of it containing these letters and placed it on the mantle in his tavern. More recently, John Newton Stokes of Stroudsburg purchased it from him and sent it to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania where it can be seen today.

It was in the autumn, when I was "touring" the Poconos on horseback, that I rode over a considerable portion of what had once been the route of the old Sullivan road. Traveling along from Tannersville toward Pocono Pines, I noticed on top

of the high bank at the right, just before coming out on the main highway at Naomi Pines, an old rusted iron cross and some small faded American flags, all in a space about ten feet square enclosed with an iron fence. This excited my curiosity and I later learned that it marked the burial place of two of General Sullivan's soldiers who died here of starvation.

Crossing and recrossing the present excellent road that follows the course of the Easton and Wilkes-Barre turnpike, the old Sullivan road continued on to what was then an agricultural improvement. In 1810 and later, this place became a rather celebrated "hunting box" and hostelry. The house itself was one and one-half stories high, thirty-six feet in front and twenty feet in depth. There were two rooms below—one a bar-room and the other a dining-room. A one story addition to the rear had three divisions—kitchen, pantry and bedroom. When a crowd came along, all rooms were used as sleeping rooms, the floors answering for bedsteads and blocks of wood or pulled-off boots for pillows. In the winter this often occurred. The guests were chiefly haulers of wheat to Stoddardsville and to Easton, coming in from the valley and other wheat growing lands northward and along the Susquehanna. The charge for lodging was the old-time shilling—twelve and one-half cents—and this included the price of a gill of whisky—an "eye-opener" rarely refused either by the sound or unsound sleeper in the morning.

From here the road went on to Bear Creek, through the present grounds of Albert Lewis, the lumber king, and on into Wilkes-Barre. Later, lumbermen and travelers in this section frequently came upon the camps of the original road builders, particularly those between Pocono and Shades Creek. The long continued distinctness of this road was due to the fact that for twenty-nine subsequent years, or until the com-

pletion of the Easton and Wilkes-Barre turnpike in 1808, it was the only wagon way from Wilkes-Barre over the intervening mountains and through the Poconos to Stroudsburg, and other points in eastern Pennsylvania. Its use during this period was continuous and it was one of the main factors in opening up the valley to settlers and affording them means of traveling to and from the Susquehanna and Delaware.

The building of the Sullivan road within ten consecutive days was a marvel of that time. The successful movement of the forces over it in one-half that time was no less a marvel. There was thus brought together at Wilkes-Barre an army of four thousand disciplined soldiers which traveled northward, defeated and subdued the Indians there and returned over the same road.

The Sullivan expedition marked the beginning of a new era. It determined at a single blow whether the white man or the redskin should hold dominion over these fertile valleys and the lakes and mountains. It solved the question of whether the American Indians should retard the advance of European civilization and human progress. The fate of the Indian was settled. He retreated farther westward.

The earliest of present day roads, so far as can be determined, was the old North and South road from Saylorsville in Hamilton township, northerly to Bartonsville, where it diverged to the northwest through Tobyhanna and Coolbaugh townships and thence north to Belmont. Later it was organized as the North and South turnpike, and a charter was obtained and maintained until 1850 when the charter was relinquished and it became a township road. Still later a resurvey was made and the road shortened and straightened. General Sullivan doubtless followed this road from Bartonsville through Pocono to Tobyhanna, where at the Camp which his road

builders christened "Hungry Hill," his army took a course bearing to the left.

Another famous road was the Drinker turnpike which extended over the swamp and jungles of the Poconos where nature seemed to have concentrated all things barren, gloomy, and savage. The traveler who escaped with his life over the rude early hospitalities of this "turnpike" realized that the total scenery from the Delaware to "The Hollow" (now Scranton) consisted of nothing but mountains, hills and woods. Except for the whir of some pheasant or the wild babblings of the brook, all was silence and desolation. Hardly a cabin or a sign of life appeared anywhere along the entire extent of this lonely road.

The matter of connecting the Susquehanna river at Pittston with the Delaware Water Gap, suggested itself to Henry W. Drinker as early as 1819, long before his vigorous mind comprehended how much more formidable a railroad project would prove than the turnpikes. In 1826, he obtained a charter for this road and six years later the first instrumental survey of the contemplated route was made by Captain Beach. Drinker, together with John Jordan, Jr., and William Henry spent years of exhausting toil, and largely of their means, to make this highway an actuality. But, wisely as the plans seemed to have been conceived, it failed entirely in its purpose. Time, however, the great administrator of events, has shown that not only was their judgment correct, but that it was also greatly in advance of their time.

Drinker and his associates obtained several other charters for the "Liggetts Gap Road" and other ventures which involved a system of inclined planes for drawing cars up the grades, a chain of tollhouses with collectors appointed for taking the toll when drivers or conductors of "such carriages, wagon or

conveyance, boat or raft" gave the collector notice of their approach to the tollhouse by blowing a "trumpet or horn."

The Liggetts Gap Railroad, with its name changed to "Lackawanna and Western Railroad," consolidated in 1853, with the Delaware and Cobbs Gap Railroad which was chartered but not yet built. The old Drinker charter was never used. The company generously paid to all the different parties who had assisted in obtaining the several charters and making the original surveys, over seven thousand dollars—quite a large sum in those days—although they were not legally bound to pay a cent. After the consolidation, under the name of the "Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company," work was commenced vigorously on the Southern Division of this road and on the twenty-first of January, 1856, the first locomotive and train of cars passed over the Delaware.

The highway known as the "Old Drinker Road" was opened during 1816, from the Wilkes-Barre and Easton turnpike at a point one-half mile above Stoddardsville, to the North and South road near the Wallenpaupac bridge, a distance of thirty miles.

The first actual roads were constructed upon the foot paths of pioneers from one dwelling to another. They continued as other families appeared, for friendly intercourse and protection. Roads laid out by order of the court in the early days often followed Indian trails and sometimes the trails of wild animals. Senator Benton advised Colonel Freemont in his first expedition to notice the trail of animals across the country westward, observing that "the buffalo is the best of engineers." Old hunters know that deer and other wild animals when unpursued follow the best chosen routes of travel from their hiding places in swamps, to the plain and across the mountains. The roads through the gaps of the Blue Ridge, along the southern border of the Pocono Plateau, are laid out on old Indian trails

that were used by them from the earliest times, in their intercourse with tribes to the south, and subsequently in their attendance at the numerous conferences in Easton and Philadelphia, and in conveying their furs and pelts to places of barter.

After the Moravians settled near Bethlehem in 1742, these mountain paths became more frequented. The old mine road from the copper mines at Pahaquarry to Esopus on the Hudson, a distance of about one hundred miles, was the first road north of the mountain and claimed to be the first of that extent in Pennsylvania. It greatly facilitated immigration to the Minisink territory and brought to this section a well-to-do class of men. It was also the path of the Connecticut settlers and later afforded an exodus for the refugees from the Wyoming Massacre.

However, the roads constructed in the Minisink region prior to 1800 were little more than bridle-paths. The streams were without bridges. Wagons were not in use, with the exception of very crudely built carts which were made entirely of wood for service on the farm. The wheels of these carts were solid, being made from cross sections, cut from large logs with holes through the center to admit the axle. Products of the land and the hides and furs of wild animals were conveyed to the market in the winter on sleds. The lighter articles for sale or barter were carried on horseback, which was from necessity the favorite mode of travel. All classes became fearless riders and it was not unusual to see two and sometimes three of a family on one horse, riding to church or to visit friends, or attend a corn-husking party.

It is interesting to note that our present highways, and in fact most of our railroads in the State of Pennsylvania, follow largely the lines of the old Indian trails. The Indian trails for trade and intercourse between the tribes led east and

west. The warrior trails usually led north and south, for that had long been the line of strategy and conquest of the tribes. It is wrong to suppose that the Indians roamed through the woods with undefined purpose or distance. The directions of their trails were well chosen for ease of travel and probably rarely departed from except for hunting. Many of our present highways are laid upon lines which were well defined long before we invaded this country.

The Indians lived almost exclusively in the valleys and on the borders of lakes and streams, for here they found game, fish, berries, fruits, and Indian corn. They had no implements with which to cut the trees and therefore the land which they cultivated for corn was on the drift alluvial deposits made by successive inundations along streams and rivers.

The lines of steel along which our present twentieth century locomotives rumble and roar, are almost exactly coincident with the paths or trails, along the watercourses and through the easiest mountain passes, trodden from time immemorial by the moccasin feet of the redmen. The skilled surveyor and engineer has followed with scientific instruments where the Indians were guided only by their instincts of woodcraft. We, with all our wisdom and knowledge, have done little but make grand improvements on old routes—building with iron and steel along the course of the narrow leaf-strewn path that the Indians first learned was the most direct and practicable line of communication between two given points.

PIONEERS AND PERSONALITIES

CONCERNING many of the pioneers in the Pocono country, there could be no mistake, for they left their imprint in the names of places—villages and towns, streams and roads. There are Greeley and Stoddardsville, Stroudsburg and Gouldsboro, the Brodhead Creek and the Drinker Turnpike, and many other places that have derived their names from less known pioneers.

If you were to refer to the record of proceedings of the English House of Commons at about the time the Puritans landed in New England, you would find recorded under date of Wednesday, April 16, 1621, the fact that one Sir William Stroud moved that "Tobacco be banished from the Kingdom and that it might not be brought in from any port nor used amongst us." It appears that the spirit of reform is not new even in our day with its blue laws and dry laws. There was, of course, nothing for such a free and bold thinker as William Stroud to do but to come to America. Here one of his sons, Jacob, was born in 1735, and in his youth apprenticed to learn farming with Nicolas De Pui, the first white settler in the lower Minisink.

Jacob Stroud learned his lesson well, for, after leaving to take an active part in the French and Indian wars, he returned, married a daughter of Nicolas De Pui, started buying land and settled down to an active life. He was a Saxon type, being of light complexion, with clear blue eyes, fair hair and strong features. It was his habit to rise at four o'clock on week-days and personally superintend the various enterprises within a stone's throw of his house—his large grist-mill, sawmill, black-

smith shop and store. His cultivated ground covered a circuit of several miles and much of his time was spent in the saddle. He owned the best and fastest horses in the country and often used to mount his favorite horse "Black Jacket" and ride to Easton, twenty-seven miles distant, in time for breakfast there with his son, Daniel. He possessed a wonderful memory concerning everything connected with figures, a talent which in several instances cropped out decidedly in his descendants. He employed many laborers and owned several slaves, who lived in his family after freedom and were always loyal to "Old Massa." He disliked intoxicating drinks and always abstained from them and remained in excellent health until he reached the allotted three-score years and ten.

During the war, Jacob Stroud was made commanding officer of Fort Penn which he had built at his own expense, it being really his home, fortified for the protection of his family. Half a mile distant he erected in 1795 a large roomy stone mansion for his son Daniel. This formed the nucleus for other buildings and gradually a flourishing settlement appeared and the town of Stroudsburg was founded.

Daniel Stroud had married a Miss Shoemaker from Cheltenham, Philadelphia. She was a Quaker and Daniel himself soon became an ardent admirer of the Society of Friends. Before this he had been appointed as aide-de-camp to Major Craig of the Eighth Division of the Pennsylvania Militia, a post which he resigned in 1804, when he contemplated joining the Quakers. The house of Daniel Stroud, built by his father, was the largest and finest in the vicinity. Many were the gay parties and dances held here, especially when they entertained their friends from Easton and Philadelphia during the summer season. In the long twilight, Daniel had been accustomed to play his violin with his wife accompanying him. About this time, however, he became a Quaker and these friends of

fashion were gradually forsaken as his views and habits changed. The gay parties stopped. The home was dismantled of every needless ornament. He broke apart his violin and burned it, together with trivial books. Silver mounted soldiery weapons were stowed safely away in the garret. A large distillery that was very profitable was given up. In those days it was the custom to give the harvest hands a drink of whisky with the midday meal. He now promised them twelve cents per day more and had no trouble in finding hands willing to work on these terms. This extra pay was dubbed by the harvester "Daniel's sober money."

Daniel Stroud was left by his father approximately four thousand acres of land, and about 1806 started laying out the town of Stroudsburg and selling lots. The streets were broad and well shaded and, in every instance, deed required that the buildings be at least thirty feet back from the sidewalk. The old house of Daniel Stroud is still standing, having been enlarged and kept up to date as the "Mansion House," which was later purchased by the Civic Club of Stroudsburg.

This branch of the Stroud family were the first Friends in this vicinity. But others followed, among them the Palmers and the Waltons who came down from New York State, and it was not long before the Society was given two tracts of land, one for a meeting-house and one for a burying-ground. Daniel Stroud entertained at his home many of those staying at the poor hotels of that day whom he thought accustomed to better accommodations. Thus there were few days on which there was not at least one visitor. Such acts, together with his personality, gave him much influence among the men of his time. George M. Stroud, a son, was born at Stroudsburg in 1795, entered the then "Princeton College" and graduated with honors in the summer of 1817.

Mordecai Roberts was another Quaker, and a man of some

means from Philadelphia, who settled one mile north of Rowlands Station on the Lackawanna in 1791. General Washington so far conquered his Quaker prejudices against war as to make him a messenger. He sometimes rode forty miles without leaving the saddle. He had horses shot from under him and was so valuable a man to America that the British offered a bounty for his capture dead or alive. It is said that he had an immense fortune left to him in England; but he lacked a marriage certificate and thus forfeited his claim to the estate.

Daniel Brodhead in 1737 bought six hundred and forty acres along what was then known as the Analomink Creek. Today the beautiful Brodhead stream with its alternate shady pools and rushing waters, commemorates his early settlement. In 1744 he became acquainted with the Moravian missionaries passing through his settlement and was much impressed with the character of their self-sacrificing Christianity. Under trying circumstances and in the face of much opposition, he was their steadfast friend, building for them a log mission chapel about 1743. This was the second house of worship north of the mountains, the first being in the Pennsylvania Minisink at Shawnee two miles above the settlement of De Pui.

John Stoddart of Philadelphia, being an alien when war was declared against Great Britain in 1811, was required to move from the city. He owned several tracts of land along the waters of the Lehigh, one of which embraced the "Great Falls" and here he employed his time and capital in the creation of a settlement that exists today as the village of Stoddardsville. At one time it was planned to make Stoddardsville the head of navigation on the Lehigh, with a canal and series of locks for transporting flour, etc. down to Easton. But, like so many ideal plans, the whole scheme failed of fulfillment and left only a village of about a dozen houses, now quiet and sleeping in the memory of its past.

One of the pioneers who contributed most largely to the development of the Poconos was Henry Drinker, Jr., of the Quaker family of Drinkers, prominent in Philadelphia. Soon after the Revolutonary war, Henry Drinker, the great grandfather of Joseph, was interested with Benjamin Rush, George Clymer, Sam Meredith, Robert Morris, and others in the purchase of Penn's "wild lands." This portion of the state was then an entire wilderness, and during the period from 1789-91, Henry Drinker, Sr. and Richard Drinker purchased from the state about twenty-five thousand acres of land in what are now the counties of Lackawanna, Wayne, Pike, and Susquehanna, much of this land being along the headwaters of the Lehigh River.

Nothing was done with this wild country until 1792 when Drinker hired John DeLong of Stroudsburg and a few others to mark or cut a road to them from at or near the "21 mile tree" on the North and South road. The latter was also called the "Drinker road" from the fact that it was opened principally at the expense of Henry Drinker the elder, an uncle, and large landowner in the northern part of the State. The road cut by DeLong extended westerly, passed Lake Henry, crossed the present track of the Lackawanna Railroad, and thence southerly, terminating on a branch of the Lehigh River called Bell Meadow Brook, near an old Indian encampment along the edge of this stream. After these pioneer choppers returned, the road was traveled very little and soon grew full of underbrush. In reopening this road from the lake to within a short distance of the North and South turnpike in the fall of 1821, the name of "Henry Drinker" with the date "1792" was found cut on a large beech tree.

The southern portion of the Drinker lands lay along the Lehigh and its tributaries, above twelve miles northeast of Stoddardsville. It was decided to open communication to

them by a road nearly following the course of the river, if this were found practicable. Before running any line of road, however, H. W. Drinker determined to ascend the Lehigh in a small canoe or skiff to its source in "Wild Meadow Brook," now Mill Creek. Old hunters and sturdy woodsmen said it was impossible, the stream being closed at one place by compact driftwood covered with vegetation and brushwood. In other places there were swift and narrow rapids, beaver dams, alder and laurel. But by offering high wages, a resolute set of axemen finally engaged to undertake this formidable task. After spending much time and money, a boat channel to the desired points was opened in about two months. Provisions and lumber from Stoddardsville were taken up the stream on a large batteau drawn by a "tough old mare," according to the account. Evidently not only the woodsmen were tough but also the horses and animals in this rough country.

In June, July, September and October of 1814, these lands were resurveyed by Jason Torrey, Esq. of Bethany, Wayne County, under the direction of H. W. Drinker, into lots averaging one hundred acres each and numbered from one to two hundred and thirty. These sold at $5.00 per acre on a five year credit plan, with the first and second years without interest. Payment could be made in lumber, labor, stock and produce or anything the farmer had. Behold here the first subdivision plan with liberal terms to offer prospective buyers! The first clearing was made in 1815 by H. W. Drinker on a ridge of land where he still resided in 1857. He also built a fine log house about a quarter mile from his residence.

To open this isolated settlement to the outside world and to make the region accessible, Henry Drinker built in 1819, the first turnpike road into the Lackawanna Valley. This he had chartered as the Philadelphia and Great Bend turnpike. It was sixty miles long and extended from Stanhope, New Jersey,

to Drinker Beach. It is best known as the "old Drinker road" and was a much used landmark in early boundary lines.

In 1819, Drinker became aware of the presence of anthracite coal in the valley. Coal at that time had no value because its use as fuel was still generally unknown; but Drinker believed in its actual importance and foresaw the advantage of better communication between the Delaware and Susquehanna Valleys. His idea was a railroad, although there was not one in existence in the world at that time, except the crude English mine tramways. He himself blazed with an axe a route from the mouth of the Lackawanna where Pittston now stands, through the unbroken forest and across the lofty Poconos to the Water Gap, a distance of sixty miles.

Having satisfied himself that such a scheme as he proposed was feasible, he obtained charter in 1826 for the Susquehanna Canal and Railroad Company. The name of the commissioners appointed by the act are interesting—Henry W. Drinker, Wm. Henry, Jacob D. Stroud, Daniel Stroud, A. E. Brown, S. Stokes, James M. Porter and John Coolbaugh.

Drinker's idea was a railroad with inclined planes or a canal. He interested a number of prominent men in his project and in 1831 a survey was made and the engineer, Major Ephraim Beach, reported that the road could be built for $625,000. After considerable work, Henry Drinker induced George and Seldon Scranton of Oxford, New Jersey, to become partners in the scheme, associating them with the project after inducing the Morris Canal Company to take $150,000 worth of stock.

A road known as the Lackawanna and Western Railroad was built from Scranton to Great Bend by the Scrantons, Drinker dropping out on account of severe losses which he sustained in opening up the country with roads and endeavoring to develop the coal and iron resources so abundant in that region. The present city of Scranton was named after these

two brothers whom Henry Drinker introduced to this country and its opportunities.

To Walter Penn Shipley, of Philadelphia, I am indebted for much of the information regarding the Drinker family and their activities in the Poconos. Richard Drinker, Esq. was Mr. Shipley's grandfather and Henry Drinker his great uncle. He remembered well "Woodington," his grandfather's house, and "Fayette," his great uncle's home, recalling that Richard Drinker, familiarly known as "R. D.," used to pay the bounty on wolfs' heads, panthers, etc. Henry Drinker was the first white man born in Philadelphia. It is said that Benjamin Franklin when asked how old people lived to be in Philadelphia, replied:— "I don't know; we can't tell till Henry Drinker dies."

Among the early settlers of the upper portion of the Poconos was John Pellett, Sr. and John Pellett, Jr. who were among the Wallenpaupac settlers arriving early in 1774 and composing a colony. I remember while riding through this section, being attracted by a venerable old man sitting on the porch of a little old house. A large oak tree, old but sturdy, framed the house with its top branches. Beside them was an old-fashioned sweep well. The combination of them all as I approached was irresistibly reminiscent of bygone days. Dismounting, I took several pictures of this striking old trio, finally asking the man his name. "John Pellett" was his proud reply. There must be something about the descendants of first families or first settlers—something distinctive that attracts or compels attention. Perhaps it is a quiet consciousness of greatness or a sort of superiority complex that radiates from such personalities.

It is interesting to note that among those trading with the Indians for fur robes and skins along the old Indian trail from Lackawanna to the Indian village of Conewawah (now

Photograph by the author

REFLECTIONS OF THE PAST

Elmira, New York) and through the Lackawanna valley, was the afterwards distinguished John Jacob Astor.

Another famous personage, the scene of whose early career embraced much of this section, was none other than Jay Gould who was well known to the inhabitants of that country of seventy years ago. Many stories are told there of Gould's adventures and misadventures in the Poconos. He had attained some success as a surveyor in New York State and accumulated from his various surveys about $5,000. One story is that, after publishing a "History of Delaware County" in 1856, and while projecting other surveys, he was prostrated with typhoid fever, and that after his recovery he became acquainted with Zadoch Pratt, who sent him into the western part of the state to select a site for a tannery. He chose a fine hemlock growth, erected a sawmill and blacksmith shop and with Mr. Pratt was soon doing a large business. Subsequently he bought out Mr. Pratt's interest and conducted the business alone until just before the panic of 1857 when he sold out his entire plant.

The other story differs somewhat and, although I can not vouch for its accuracy, it has plenty of color and is sufficiently well accepted by the older inhabitants of the Poconos to bear repeating, at least. According to the local tradition, Jay Gould, the successful surveyor of New York State was accustomed to spend his leisure time at Canadensis, now one of the well known small summer resort villages. Here he married a Miss Northrop, whose brother had a part interest in a tannery at this place. Gould decided that this was the right time to get into the tanning business in this section, so he contributed to this partnership and it was not long before he was striking out for himself farther south.

It is interesting to hear the native inhabitants tell the story. They say that up to this time the lumbermen didn't consider

the bark of the trees worth anything and let it rot. But Gould showed them! He came into this country, gathered the bark that had been left to rot as worthless and started a tannery at Thornhurst, later called Gouldsboro. All went well for a while; but before long some trouble or misunderstanding developed between Gould and his partner. Gould and his men took possession of the tannery and his partner went to Wilkes-Barre for papers to dispossess him, only to find upon returning that there was nothing left to take possession of, for Gould had moved the large stack of hides to a barn in Tobyhanna.

One of the stories told in Stroudsburg is that the grandson of Colonel Jacob Stroud at one time loaned Gould, then a young man from New York State, enough money to buy a suit of clothes. William Davis was Gould's attorney and it is said that one day Gould threw a paper on the desk before him and said: "Here, Davis, is a railroad from New York to California." There is very probably much of fact in these local stories. A recent newspaper article relates how the influence of Judge John F. Dillon, trusted friend and adviser of Jay Gould, led the financier's four children, who controlled his $83,000,000 estate, to undertake to carry out his dream of a vast trans-continental railroad system.

Gould was one of the organizers and in 1857 became the largest stockholder in the Stroudsburg bank. This was the turning point of his career. He went to New York City and became a financier, investing heavily in railroad stock, especially the Erie of which he became president. Later he made large purchases of various western railroad stocks until in December, 1880, the official records showed Gould in control of 10,000 miles of railroad—more than one-ninth of the entire railroad mileage of the country at that time.

While the pioneers who settled and opened up the southern

and central portions of the Poconos came largely from Philadelphia and its surrounding territory, those who settled in the northeast and northern parts emigrated largely from northern New Jersey and New York, as well as Connecticut. There were exceptions to this, as in the case of Gould, most of whose career in the Poconos was in the central or southern part. Milford, the present county seat of Pike County, and a popular summer resort, was also an exception to this general rule. Half a century and more ago, Milford was a very fashionable resort, patronized by some of the best known families of Philadelphia—the Drexels, the Biddles, the Lippincotts and many others.

The early settlers of this town of Milford came of thrifty Dutch and enterprising French ancestry. The Van Ettens, the Pinchots, and other names equally indicative of nationality are still prominent among the inhabitants of Milford today. The Van Ettens have been active in that section from the days of the earliest settlers, Captain Johannes Van Etten having gained fame in several battles with the Indians, and his descendants being prominent in the business and professional life of Milford. In the early days of Milford there was the well known firm of Pinchot and Manclere, a firm which was later succeeded by C. C. D. Pinchot and Sons, of the same family as Gifford Pinchot, ex-governor of Pennsylvania, whose home "Grey Towers," just outside of Milford, is one of the points of interest for visitors in this present summer resort town.

The Westbrook family farther inland from the Delaware, has been identified with Pike County history from its beginning, and prominent in affairs of the county and state. Colonel John Westbrook was a member of the Pennsylvania legislature in 1833. A Jeffersonian democrat all his life, he was proud of his personal acquaintance with General Andrew Jackson. He also told many amusing stories of his conversation

with Martin Van Buren in "low Dutch." He was elected to Congress in 1840 and developed a strong friendship with James Buchanan who was then United States Senator. Later when Buchanan was elected to the Presidency of the United States, he referred to this pleasant friendship in a letter to a member of his family—a letter which is still proudly preserved by the Westbrooks.

Horace Greeley was a frequent visitor to the northern Pocono country. In the New York Sunday Tribune of October 29, 1922, an article by Norman Haskell tells of Horace Greeley's experiment and traveling in this section. It was at Godleyville, now called Greeley, that the Sylvanian Society conducted its test of Fourierism—a scientific and ideal system for the common ownership of land and the division of labor. This society numbered among its members many eminent New Yorkers. Horace Greeley, who had long urged by lectures and New York Tribune editorials the adoption of the principles of Fourierism, was the heaviest stockholder and leading spirit in the experiment of the Sylvanian Society which bought seven thousand acres of land from Mahlon Godley, along the Shohola Creek for a voluntary socialistic test. Many well-to-do families of New York took advantage of the Society, using the settlement as a sort of reformatory for wayward sons. The experiment was doomed to failure and all that remains of the settlement today is the village of Greeley.

One of the stories told and retold by Pike County folk concerns a trip that Horace Greeley made to Godleyville about 1840 when he was considering it as a site for his venture. The Erie Railroad went only as far as Middletown, New York, from where travelers further west journeyed by stage coach. It was in the spring of the year and the roads were thick with mud. As the heavy coach on which he rode was bowling

along behind four straining horses, a front axle broke and passengers were forced to walk to Milford, eight miles away.

With his pantaloons tucked into high muddy boots and carrying his carpetbag, the tired and travel-stained editor reached Milford and went to the Centre Hotel, now the Dimmick House, which was run by Samuel Dimmick. He entered a room that served as office and bar. It was heated by a Franklin stove. Along the wall opposite the bar a capacious woodbox with lids, extended the length of the room. As the host was talking politics with a farmer who was drinking beer when Mr. Greeley entered, the editor flung his carpetbag on top of the woodbox and swung himself up beside it to await the opportunity of making his wants known. When the farmer left, Mr. Greeley asked if he could wash his face and hands and have his boots cleaned. Mr. Greeley did not explain about the breaking of the coach axle, and Mr. Dimmick, being a partner in the Milford and Owego stage line, had little concern for parsimonious travelers who arrived on foot. So he gave the stranger a disparaging glance as he listlessly informed him that he could perform his ablutions at the horse trough outside.

Thanking Mr. Dimmick, Mr. Greeley repaired to the horse trough, which stood at the intersection of two main streets. He was removing the mud from his boots when Cornelius W. De Witt, who ran a store close by, spied him. Recognizing the editor from pictures he had seen of him, De Witt, who was head of the local Whig contingent that numbered about one hundred and forty voters, hurried over to greet him. Mr. Greeley explained how he happened to be making his toilet in public. Then Mr. De Witt, in a spirit of triumph, led Mr. Greeley back to the bar and with due formality introduced him to the astonished Mr. Dimmick. The hotel man turned red with confusion and eloquent with apology. He hastened

to make amends by showering attentions on his distinguished guest. He escorted him to the best room in the house and provided him with hot water, slippers and a rocking chair. That night Mr. Greeley was serenaded by the Milford drum corps, speeches were made in his honor and the citizens of the town paid him homage at an impromptu reception held on the front porch. He became a frequent visitor thereafter, and always expressed a whimsical appreciation of the cool and bubbling waters of the horse trough.

Surprises of many kinds are lurking in the quiet Pocono villages where the native inhabitants, descended from the old families of pioneer days, are now rubbing elbows with newer settlers who have been attracted through the lure of summer vacations and touring. I remember on one occasion seeking one of the well known men of the Poconos who had made a fortune in the tanning industry. He had been abroad several times and was now living a quiet life of retirement in the little village of Tannersville under the shadow of Big Pocono. I inquired at the hotel, where he was staying temporarily, and a lady whom I had observed writing at a table nearby, volunteered the information that he was in Stroudsburg but that she would telephone to him and make an appointment for me. I afterwards learned that this very obliging lady was the wife of the man I sought, that she was a grandniece of Von Hindenburg, spoke seven languages, had met and married this man while he was in Germany and was at present studying Hebrew in this quiet little old village.

The drivers of the automobiles and busses of the larger resorts are all familiar with the stories of interesting people who have visited the Poconos. The various points of interest will be pointed out to you as you drive along. They will take you past the Pocono Mountain House, one of the oldest summer resort hotels in the Poconos. They will show you the ruins

Courtesy E. R. Branson

THE JOE JEFFERSON COTTAGE

of old tanneries and tell you their history. Especially will they take pride in pointing out the old Swiftwater Inn, a part of which is over one hundred and fifty years old, and probably surprise you with the information that it was here that Henry Van Dyke wrote "Little Rivers."

Stories about the days when Joe Jefferson was accustomed to spend his summers in the Poconos are so abundant that I began to trace them down and learn the facts. Many sections claim to be the favorite haunts of Joe Jefferson but it appears that Paradise Valley has the authentic claim to this distinction.

Quite a number of years ago one of the Kintz's had a country store here and a road-house, part of which forms the lower end of the present enlarged building—the old-looking one with the gables—which is at present standing at the crossroads in Paradise.

A group of actors used to come to the Kintz's and among them was Mrs. Drew, the elder, mother of Georgia Drew Barrymore, the latter of whom was the mother of Lionel, John, and Ethel Barrymore. Barton Hill, an old theatrical manager in San Francisco—the man who was manager for Modjeska when she first came to this country—used to come here to Paradise. He had been a Shakespearian actor of the old school and here joined the group of actors among whom were the English actor Sefton, Mrs. Sefton and her daughter, who became the second wife of Barton Hill. A daughter of this marriage, Marion, attained some fame as a writer.

With these older people—the Drews, Seftons, etc.—came Joseph Jefferson. They were all friends together and used to fish the streams and have many good times here in the beautiful Paradise Valley. The house that is now so extensively pictured as the Joe Jefferson cottage, was owned by a family named Snyder. One of the daughters of this family became the first wife of Joseph Jefferson. Stories of this being the

Joe Jefferson house are exaggerated local tradition, for all that Jefferson really did was board at this house which was owned by his wife's family, the Snyders. After his marriage to their daughter, he probably rented the house for several summers but he never owned it.

Another interesting, but false, story that has grown in the locality is that it was in the old barn near the house that Joseph Jefferson wrote "Rip Van Winkle." Although there were many dramatizations of this interesting character in Washington Irving's "Sketch Book," it was Dion Boucicault, the Irish-American playwright and actor who, with suggestions from Jefferson, produced the version that made Jefferson famous. It is quite likely that he did retire to this quiet and appropriately sleepy old barn to study the play, revising it as all actors do to suit their personalities, and rehearsing it in these surroundings and in this atmosphere that so well fitted the play. It is also quite probable that Jefferson and other actor friends of his may have gone, as local tradition says they did, to the old log church across the creek to rehearse their parts. The name of Rip Van Winkle's dog which plays such an important part in the play was "Snyder"—evidently some bit of nonsense or some joke growing out of Jefferson's summer at Paradise and his pleasant association with the Snyder family.

In the early days, when Mrs. McGinnis kept the Swiftwater Inn, many literary folk used to stop there. Among these was Alexander Drake, who was art editor of "Century" and a noted collector. He was well known to all of the old curio and art shops of the foreigners of that section of New York City. Agnes Repplier used to come to Swiftwater; also John Malone, quite well known in his day as an actor and scholar. He could act but was more the scholar and really knew Shakespeare.

A bit farther westward, N. S. Brittain, a resident of Toby-

hanna, will tell you with pardonable pride of having as his guest for a season or two, J. McLure Hamilton, native of Philadelphia who, after studying in Paris and Antwerp as well as the Pennsylvania Academy, after 1878 made his home in London, and established a reputation by his portraits of many noted Englishmen.

The wild natural beauty of the picturesque Poconos furnished the inspiration for many artists and literary folk. It was near the rippling waters of the Swiftwater Creek that Henry Van Dyke was inspired to say:—

> "I am all for Little Rivers. Let those who will, chant in heroic verse the renown of the Amazon and Mississippi and Niagara; but my prose would flow—or straggle along at such pace as the prosaic muse may grant me to attain—in praise of Beaverskill, Neversink, and Swiftwater, of Saranac, and Raquette, and Ausable, of Allegash and Aroostook and Moose River."

PAST AND PRESENT

A picture of the Poconos of the past would include hardy lumbermen in their rough boots over heavy felt stockings; sawmills and factories manufacturing the products of the woods; then the tanneries with huge stacks of bark piled high outside; and there would be the hard working farmers and, by way of contrast, a few less energetic literary, dramatic and artistic folk, enjoying their summer vacation here in charming natural surroundings—the entire composition being done in a slowly flowing, easy-going style, that indicates neither laziness nor yet excessive industry.

But this picture has faded, as old ones will. Today we have a staccato-like motion picture of incessant activity—hunters and fishermen stealing stealthily through the woods and wading the brooks and the streams; enclosed game preserves of vast acreage and fish hatcheries, their little buildings strung out for half a mile or more along the stream; farmers in automobiles delivering the products of the farm; small country stores and large department stores; and through it all, the fine homes of retired personages and residents, cottages of the summer sojourners, large hotels overflowing with summer guests and winter holiday crowds, girls' camps and Boy Scout camps, State forest reservations, with tourists and vacationists filling in all available places in the landscape.

The little, out-of-the-way villages scattered through the Poconos will often surprise you if curiosity, investigation and the patience to cultivate the native folk are part of your characteristics. There is usually an oldest resident who will feel honored and flattered at being called upon for information of

the early days. It may take time for the stranger to gain the confidence of the venerable inhabitant, but a little tact and appeal to his pride of years attained, and reference to stories of the old days should start him to reminisce. Then, once started, he will probably tell you stories by the hour of the early Indian days, the early lumbering operations in this section when it still had some of the finest virgin timber in the country. He will entertain you with stories of floating logs down the streams and rivers, and tell you how Jay Gould came into this country, cut down trees, let them lie and rot and then stripped off their bark and started the tanning industry that later grew to such large proportions.

The Poconos of today give little indication of the wealth of virgin timber that once covered the whole section. The valleys are picturesque with occasional stretches of woodland, cultivated fields and green pastures. The higher ground in the northern part still contains some good forest but it is second or third growth, while in the southern sections there is practically no great stand of timber left anywhere. It is true there are a few of the trees that once covered this country, still standing at Bear Creek in the extreme southwestern section. But these splendid specimens of white pine in the woods opposite the home of Albert Lewis, "the lumber King," were probably left standing by him for sentimental reasons. It was in this section that there originally stood some of the finest white pine on the continent. These few remaining trees afford some idea of the wealth of timber that was harvested so ruthlessly and completely, with never a thought of preserving the younger trees for future growth.

Not all of the trees and forests of the early Poconos succumbed to the lumberman's axe. Some of them were in the path of destructive forest fires that devastated many sections. When the lumbermen started to cut timber, they cut clean, and

after each extensive lumber operation the region was desolate indeed. Between these lumbering operations and forest fires it was not long before much of the country was entirely denuded of trees.

Through the efforts of the State Forestry Department these forest fires are becoming more rare; but the results of the recent ones are still quite evident in many parts of the Poconos where, on both sides of the road, will be seen nothing but vast stretches of burnt-over land, some scrub-oak growing perhaps, but nothing more; and here and there the scarred trunk of a big pine stripped of its limbs and branches and standing out like a ghost guarding the ashes of its fallen comrades.

The great lumbering operations took place right after the Civil War when the whole Pocono country was still a vast forest. William E. Dodge, Congressman and one of the first stockholders of the Lackawanna railroad, bought forty thousand acres of land, in the vicinity of what is now Tobyhanna, for two dollars an acre. Later he bought ten thousand acres more. The firm of Dodge and Company was formed and the lumbering of this vast tract was begun, the work being let out to sub-contractors.

There were about a dozen contractors, each having their own camps for from fifteen to twenty men and their teams of oxen and horses. There were no game laws then and the men shot deer and game, caught trout and fished through the ice, living largely on the resources which they found right at hand. Often, when they acquired more game and fish than they needed, they salted them down for future use. Although they started on a large scale in 1865 to lumber off this fifty thousand acres, it was not until 1900 that this operation was completed.

The present Lake Dodge, just across the railroad bridge from Tobyhanna, was the site of the sawmill. Other lakes were

scattered through the woods. Lake No. 1 covering about sixty-five acres, Lake No. 2 about one hundred and thirty acres, Lake No. 3 or "East Branch Lake" extending over two hundred acres, Tobyhanna Creek Dam and Slippery Rock Dam (now Pocono Lake) all extended along the Tobyhanna Creek which unites later with the Lehigh River at Stoddardsville. These bodies of water were all artificial "lakes" or dams built to impound the logs until they were needed. Lake No. 1, along which was situated the sawmill, was filled with logs all the time. As these logs were worked up in the mill, leaving the dam not entirely full, the sluice gates of one of the other dams was opened and a lot more logs floated down. The logs often lay on the ice on the dams all winter, and when the spring thaw came they were floated down as needed. The logs from the forest below the sawmill on No. 1 Lake were floated down to the Tobyhanna Creek to the Lehigh River and thence along to White Haven.

Driving logs would prove to be a most interesting and fascinating sport these days; but then it was a part of each large lumbering operation calling for the most experienced and skilled men. Often the gates of the dam where a quantity of logs were stored would be opened as early as 3:00 a. m. and the drive started by 7:00 a. m. and kept up until dark. Men were stationed along the banks to watch for any possible trouble due to congestion of the logs floating down the stream. Often they were required to hasten out to the middle of the stream, standing on one of the logs and working their way out to the point of congestion. During these drives, the men were served with hot lunches every three hours in order to supply the energy required for this arduous work. Some of the most skilled and experienced of these drivers were Canadians. The whole process of driving is graphically described by Stewart Edward White in "The River Man."

The product of this extensive lumbering operation was mostly manufactured lumber. There were, of course, planing mills for sawing the lumber into boards. In 1868, E. Dunbar and Company built a shoe-peg factory at Mountain Home—a factory said to have been the largest of its kind in the United States, shipping its product to the Pacific Coast and in large quantities to England and Germany. This Mountain Home factory was later sold to C. W. Decker who, in 1880, changed it to a clothes-pin factory which turned out about two hundred boxes of clothes-pins a day, each box containing five gross. The mill contained three machines and employed twenty-five persons when in operation. It only operated five or six years being obliged to close when the supply of young second growth white birch became exhausted. There were only two such factories in the Poconos and such fame as they deserve is claimed by Mountain Home, the little village at the bottom of the hill halfway between Cresco station and Buck Hill Falls.

Thousands of tons of cord-wood were sold by Dodge and Company to the Lackawanna Railroad for their locomotives. Although these locomotives were used mostly for hauling long trainloads of coal from the hard coal mines just west of this section, they were built for wood burning instead of coal. Each station had not only a ticket agent but also a "wood agent" whose duty it was to rack up the wood and prepare it for use by the engine.

Another interesting feature of the lumbering operations was the shipment of spars and masts to the shipyards. These spars and masts had to be very carefully selected. The spars were from thirty-five to fifty feet in length, and the masts from seventy to eighty-five feet, and in those days it took three cars to carry this length. They were shipped by rail to the Delaware Water Gap and from there rafted down the river during flood time to the shipyards near Philadelphia. One of the

experts in this vicinity for selecting the timber for these spars and masts was Peter Y. Baird. This man would go through the woods and mark the trees that were large enough and strong enough for this use. The lumbermen followed and cut the trees he had marked. He was an independent operator and attended to the rafting of this timber at the Water Gap and to its delivery at Philadelphia.

Shipbuilding also caused the slaughter of many a noble oak to furnish "knees" for the keel. The crotch of a large oak tree, shaped just right, was cut out to form the "knee" or bend in the keel of the ship. The rest of the tree was left to lie and rot, being sacrificed for this comparatively small part of its entirety.

In the northern section of the Poconos all of Pike County was covered with dense forests, much of the timber, especially along the Wallenpaupac and Lackawaxen Rivers, being the finest white pine. Lumbering became a profitable industry and numerous sawmills converted the yield of the forests into planks, shingles and scantlings, which were sold locally or rafted down the Delaware to Philadelphia and other points. The gigantic lumbering activities made prosperity general and mercantile business and farming flourished. Mr. Van Etten of Milford told me he remembered when it was possible to walk for half a mile up the river on the log rafts that were being floated down. In those days it was a very common thing for between one hundred and two hundred men to be staying in Milford over night.

The masts for the old frigate "Constitution" were cut about twenty miles north of Milford. Men who had been sent out to find a tree suitable for the large masts that were required, came up the river searching and finally found the trees, large and straight and strong enough for the purpose, at a place which has become known as "Masthope." Here the trees

were cut and the trunks for the masts floated down the Delaware.

A remnant of the past still exists at Mountain Home where "Dory" Price operates a sawmill engaged in the manufacture of mine stays and sprags. I could imagine what a mine "stay" would be—simply a prop from eight to thirty feet long and from six to fourteen inches in diameter at its smallest end for holding up timbers in the coal mines. But a "sprag" was something new to me. Mr. Price explained that it was about twenty-one inches long and about three inches in diameter through the middle—its thickest part, since it tapers to a point at both ends. They are used in the mines to place in between the spokes of the car wheels and thus "sprag the wheels" or act as a brake. But there is beginning to be a scarcity of timber, even for these small products.

What a degeneration from huge logs and ship masts from which the flags of nations are proudly displayed, to props and sprags for a mine where men and all things are hidden underground in darkness. Abundance of resources—whether of wealth or health or virgin forest—too often induces waste that results eventually in destruction.

The tanning industry which grew quickly to such large proportions in the Poconos was, like outbursts or sudden growths of other kinds, short lived. It was a by-product of the great lumber industry and, since it depended for its existence on the large trees only, it was not long before there was no more tanbark to be found. It was then that the tanneries were destroyed by fire or abandoned to decay.

The beginning of the tanning industry in the Poconos was described rather picturesquely by one of the old inhabitants who said:—

"In the early days of lumbering in the Poconos, hemlock wasn't considered much good; but Jay Gould came into this

country and the natives reconsidered. Gould cut down this hemlock timber that was considered of no account, let it lie and rot, then gathered the bark and started a tannery at Thornhurst. It wasn't long before his example was followed by others and tanning became for a while the chief industry of the Poconos."

What was probably the first tannery in the State was located on the right-hand side of the road going from East Stroudsburg, just the other side of Marshall's Creek. The building was only about ten feet square, it being just a small calfskin tannery that picked up skins here and there in the neighborhood and, when tanned and finished, carted the leather into Port Jervis.

Then there was the old McClellan Tannery, with its large old-fashioned water-wheel at Kresgeville, beyond the present village of Sciota on the way to Mauch Chunk, built and operated by old Jacob Singmaster, the first real leather tanner in Monroe County. George L. Adams who later owned a chain of tanneries in the Poconos, told me that when he was a boy, working in a shoe store in Boston, the first roll of sole leather they showed him was from Henry McClellan's tannery here in Monroe County. Adams subsequently handled many rolls of this leather and he relates how he once came down from Boston to visit this country, went out to Kresgeville and took dinner with the tannery men and described the owner whom he had never seen, very accurately and to their great astonishment and amusement—he having formed his opinions from the way he did up his leather. Jacob Singmaster was the first tanner around Tannersville. He built a fine home, part of which is still standing, having been incorporated with the present Y. M. C. A. building in Stroudsburg. Mr. Downing from Philadelphia bought this property from Singmaster and later sold both the tannery and the home to Stephen Kisler.

Although the romance of the early tanning days in the Poconos may centre about the venturesome Jay Gould, the actual development and enlargement of the industry to its great size was due to Stephen Kisler more than any other one man. He had a chain of tanneries at Tannersville, Bartonsville, East Stroudsburg, and Sciota; also at Lock Haven, Great Bend and Rolfe outside of the Pocono region.

Stephen Kisler was a very original and interesting character. He was a peculiar man and cared little for dress and appearance. His daughter-in-law, Mrs. Milo Kisler, told me of an amusing occasion when Stephen Kisler had gone to New York to buy hides, a cargo of which had just come in from South America. The practice was to sell these hides at public sale to the highest bidder. Many men prominent in the tanning business, all well dressed and prosperous looking, were at this sale in New York. They looked with amusement at Kisler, his appearance plainly stamping him as a farmer or a "rube" from the backwoods. Patronizingly they agreed that they would let him have the first bid and when the auctioneer asked him how many hides he wanted, he said in his slow moderate manner, "Well, I guess I'll take the whole cargo." And he did, much to the surprise and chagrin of the other prospective buyers.

Stephen Kisler was a very brilliant man, about twenty-five years of age at that time, very able and in advance of the times in his ideas, and in the quality of his tanned leather and the construction of his tanneries. He was so thoroughly absorbed in his business that he would forget entirely everything else. He never complained or criticized his men and never scolded. He would, instead, talk to them of the importance of doing their work properly and well, explaining that on the quality of their work depended the quality of his tanned leather and his success in selling it at a good price, with resultant

EARTH BRAR

employment and good wages to them. In appearance, his most prominent feature was his nose—long and narrow, very similar to that of Abe Lincoln. In fact, his whole countenance somewhat resembled in its rough ruggedness and homeliness that of the great emancipator. He always wore a high "stove pipe" hat and always brushed the silk the wrong way.

After a trip to Boston, he would call his men together, tell them that because they had scratched the sides of forty hides, this leather had been put in class 2 in the Boston market and he had not been able to get as many cents per pound as he should. Then with a long face and a melancholy voice, seemingly very much depressed, he would say to his men:—"If you men don't do better work, I won't be able to sell my hides; and then I won't be getting any money in, and will have to close the tannery and you will all be out of work." At the beginning of his tale of woe, he would start perspiring. When through with his mournful tale, he would get out the large bandanna handkerchief he always carried, wipe off his face and then start to cry and walk away, saying in Pennsylvania Dutch, "I don't know what the devil is the matter with my men."

The effect of all this on his men was remarkable. They would roll up their sleeves, pitch in and work like Trojans. Before going away on a trip, Stephen Kisler would call in his foreman and tell him enough of such a sad tale of woe in such a mournful manner as to have him "carry on" most industriously until his return. It was probably this ability to get the best efforts out of his men that made him so successful.

There were also tanneries at Analomink, Mountain Home, and Canadensis which latter secured its bark from the section about "Promised Land" farther north. These were formerly owned by Kaelin and Northrop, later belonging to the estate

of Loring Andrews from whom they were purchased by George L. Adams.

These chains of tanneries were established subsequent to the old McClellan tannery at Kresgeville, the days of Jacob Singmaster and the traditional starting of the tanning industry by Jay Gould and his interest in the early tannery at Thornhurst. The great hemlock trees of the Poconos furnished the bark for this one-time thriving industry that gave employment to many of the men in those days. In fact, many of the early settlers in this then primitive country got their start from the employment afforded by the Kislers in their tanneries. They would work in the tannery awhile, save their money and then buy a farm and start in for themselves.

These were all large tanneries in their day but would be considered very small today. The one at East Stroudsburg was the largest and is the only one still in operation. When George L. Adams sold this tannery to the Central Leather Company it was expected that it would only be a few years before this industry would be entirely gone. But this tannery at East Stroudsburg is still working at full capacity. Here you will see great piles of tan-bark twenty feet high, some of it having been there for probably forty years.

All of the men in the tanning business made money and the owners of the tanneries who have died left large estates, while those still living are comparatively rich men today.

It is an interesting coincidence, probably fortunate for the men who owned the tanneries in this section and who had large contracts for bark with the lumber companies of the Poconos, that just about the time that most of the suitable timber of the Poconos had been cut and the supply of tan-bark exhausted, a chestnut extract was discovered from North Carolina and the South, which replaced tan-bark for tanning. Available tan-bark however, is still used, but in smaller quan-

tities and mixed with this chemical preparation in the tanning of leather.

So, the days when the original Stephen Kisler with perspiration dropping from his long sharp nose and tears streaming down his cheeks cried convulsively for better workmen and a finer product; when the bark teams starting out at 5:00 o'clock in the morning, came in from the woods all through the Poconos to the tanneries that were scattered about through the foothills; and when the tanned leather was hauled back in rough wooden carts to the nearest railroad station to be shipped to the markets of New York and Boston—these days are all but forgotten in the rush of present day life.

Today all horseback riders from the Buck Hill Falls Inn know the Sterling Road—that ideal winding road from Mountain Home across Wild Cat Hollow and on to the village of Sterling. If you are not acquainted with the country, it is very likely that the horse you are riding will let you know that there are several attractive bridle-paths from the Sterling Road, back through the woods to the settlement at Buck Hill. If you happen to be riding "Black Bill," he will probably acquaint you with one of these woods paths off the Sterling Road very suddenly and without warning, especially if it is a hot day and he is anxious to get back to the stables.

The Sterling Road had its beginning in an old gravity road that ran from Mountain Home back into the woods to the timber and tan-bark. One of the old men still living there described to me this gravity road as being constructed of wooden rails covered with sheet iron. It was a narrow gauge road and small trucks, much like the present mine cars, were allowed to run down this railroad by gravity. When they reached Mountain Home, the timber was unloaded and they were hauled back through the woods again by mules. As soon as a mule had brought a truck back to the starting point, a

boy would ride the mule down to Mountain Home to bring back other cars. This method of conveyance was used for both the logs and the tan-bark. Timber was cut all along the Sterling road and for five miles back from the road in some cases, the timber being cut down for the bark and left lying there to rot.

After the era of big lumbering operations was over and practically all of the best timber cut or destroyed by forest fires; and, after the tanning industry had declined as rapidly as it had grown, it would seem that there was nothing left to engage the capital of the lumber barons and the tannery owners and the labor of the many men who had been employed in these industries. But another activity that reached enormously large proportions was in the making—the harvesting of natural ice, an industry that followed right in the footsteps of lumbering, using the old log dams and lakes which had become so abundant in the lumber sections. And it afforded a fortunate division of labor for farmers and their sons who, when the harvesting and farm work was over in the fall, secured employment in the ice-houses and on the ice-dams that kept them busy most of the winter.

Along Bear Creek, Albert Lewis had acquired vast holdings of woodland and forest from Bear Lake to and beyond the present village of Bear Creek, a summer resort and all-year-round residence for retired people from the city of Wilkes-Barre nearby. When Albert Lewis had cut all the timber from this country, he wasted no time sitting and sighing for other worlds to conquer. He built a series of six or seven large ice-dams along Bear Creek with railroad tracks and sidings and elevators from the dams to the big ice-houses.

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Many other men who had been engaged in lumbering operations started harvesting ice. Ice companies were formed which were capitalized at more than the land was worth when the

timber was standing on it. Times had changed. The cities were becoming more congested and a new and larger supply of ice for the hot summer months was furnished here. When the ice companies were all operating at full capacity, over one million tons of ice were taken off the Lackawanna mountain alone, in one year. During that year, about twenty years ago, when the railroad carried all of this ice to the market, they received three quarters of a million dollars for freight charges. The great bulk of this ice is now shipped to Newark and Hoboken to supply the towns and cities of northern New Jersey and suburban New York.

I well remember one winter day that I set out for Goulds-boro, armed with camera, note-book and pencil and a letter of introduction to the superintendent of the Mountain Ice Company. It was cold. It can, and does, get cold at Goulds-boro and Tobyhanna. As we started out from the superin-tendent's office early in the morning, I was thankful there was no wind. The lake did not appear so large for it was snow covered and blended with the white blanketed country all around it. But when I saw small objects off in the distance moving about and became aware that these antlike forms were really men and horses working on the ice, I began to realize the great extent of this ice-covered sheet of water.

Sixteen teams of horses pulling Boston Scoop Scrapers and four large power tractors were at work on the ice removing the snow. Where the ice had been cleared of snow, markers, most of them power driven, were marking the ice longitudinally and cross-wise, making it look like an elongated checkerboard. Then came the huge circular saws operated by gasoline motors mounted on runners, cutting the ice into huge strips which were floated into the "sawmill" where each was cut, in less time than it takes to tell it, into fifty-four cakes of ice each exactly twenty-two inches wide and thirty-two inches long.

Photograph by the author

ICE HARVESTING AT TOBYHANNA

From here these blocks of ice were carried up the inclined railway into the ice-house. One of the ice-houses consisted of twelve rooms, each room being fifty feet wide, one hundred feet long and thirty-four feet high, capable of holding 3,500 tons of ice.

These large ice harvesting operations have a complete camp. There are quarters for the workmen, kitchen, cooks and dining-room, a small store and lounging-room, machine shop, blacksmith shop and carpenter shop. They form a complete organization in themselves, being able to care for and supply practically all their requirements. Every spring and fall, the water of the lakes and dams from which the ice is harvested, is analyzed by chemists. The ice itself is also analyzed by bacteriologists and chemists, and every precaution taken at this particular operation to keep ice-houses, and the ice, as well as the cars in which it is shipped to the market, scrupulously clean.

Pocono Mountain ice fomerly supplied a large number of customers in and about Philadelphia. But increased freight rates made shipment there prohibitive and practically all of it is now shipped to Jersey City, Newark, Montclair and other northern New Jersey towns where the name "Mountain Ice Company" is well known.

There is a certain element of pathos in the fact that this interesting and colorful industry of ice harvesting on a large scale seems also doomed to dwindle and die. But while lumbering and tanning in the Poconos died a natural death, being starved because of lack of sufficient nourishment to keep them alive, the ice industry will eventually be killed from without. The death-blow is being dealt by the large corporations of our present industrial age and their weapon is electric refrigeration. The death of the ice industry may be slow but it will be none the less certain. Perhaps the ice barons will prove to be as resourceful as were the lumber kings. They may call

upon engineers and landscape gardeners and architects to help them convert their dams into beautiful lakes and resorts that will bring to them the admiration and delight of future guests and patrons.

With the annual invasion of the ever increasing hosts of summer visitors, whether they occupy their cottages for the season or are guests at one of the Inns, a hotel or boarding house for a couple of weeks; and with the rapidly increasing throngs that gather at the larger resorts for winter sports—with all of these "outsiders," past history is being gradually forgotten even by the natives. They are too busy supplying, either directly or indirectly, the wants of their visitors, quite a few of whom become year round residents. The Poconos will soon be obliged to start a "Native Sons" association to maintain their traditions and individuality.

Farming still occupies by far the greatest number of native inhabitants, as it will doubtless continue to do. There is also the growing of fruit, especially apples. Huckleberry gathering assumes large proportions as an industry during a short period in the summer. But in and through all of this, from Stroudsburg to Paupac, from Bear Creek to Milford, there is not a village or settlement however small, hardly a stream or lake, that does not have its quota of summer guests.

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POCONO MANOR—GOLF COURSE IN DISTANCE

FROM MOUNTAIN INNS TO LAKESIDE CAMPS

THE summer visitors that yearly throng to the Poconos are variously entertained—many at the lofty inns or mountain hotels, some at exclusive cottage colonies and distinctive bungalow settlements, a comparatively select few at hotel-like club houses of large hunting and fishing associations, some in capacious cottages that have graduated from the more lowly boarding house class. And there are numerous girls' camps, Y. M. C. A. camps and Boy Scout camps nestling along the shores of lakes and hidden in the sheltering forest growth.

It was not so many years ago that the Fourth of July marked the start of the summer season, while the passing of Labor Day left the Pocono Mountain resorts almost entirely deserted. Today, at three of the four largest resorts, there is no beginning and no end. Guests arrive and depart almost daily throughout the year. During the winter the Buck Hill Falls Inn, Pocono Manor Inn and Skytop Lodge are often filled to capacity. Thanksgiving, the Christmas holidays, Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays and Easter find the inn at Buck Hill Falls filled to capacity. Pocono Manor, too, has almost its summer quota of guests to fill the inn during these winter holidays. Skytop, recently completed, is fast increasing its club membership and if you are fortunate enough to be a guest there on these days, you will probably find the attractive lodge comfortably filled.

The settlements at Buck Hill Falls and at Pocono Manor as well as the Pocono Lake Preserve are owned, controlled and managed by members of the Society of Friends, largely in accordance with Quaker beliefs.

The outstanding feature of these Quaker resorts in the

Poconos is the spirit of hospitality that is radiated from all those who are in any way connected with the management. It is not only the practiced, polite and refined courtesy that is found at the best hotels. It is more than that—rather, an apparently sincere and cordial "really glad to see you" feeling that welcomes you on your arrival—and continues. After you have been there a week or two, you find yourself becoming attached to the place. If you are of the kind who fit in well, you will be included in "the family," which is the designation of those who are connected with the management. Then, in reality, you will come to know the especial charm which these friendly people can radiate.

Perhaps, after your first experience as a guest at Buck Hill Falls or Pocono Manor, you may not realize to what an extent the place has found a warm spot in your heart. It took me some time to experience this myself. After having lived at Buck Hill Falls for over a year, I accepted an invitation to Lake Placid, thinking I might probably carry on my work at this larger and more prominent resort. The president of the club was most hospitable in his welcome and entertainment. The club grounds, golf-links, tennis-courts, ski-runs, skating rinks, etc. were extensive—larger than at any resorts in the Poconos. And yet there seemed to be something lacking. Perhaps it was too large, too much like a well-appointed and managed city hotel. I could not become enthusiastic about it, big and wonderful as it all was. There may have been an impression of artificiality about it all. Or perhaps it was a lack of the sincerity and warmth that is so characteristic of the Quaker resorts. Before many days I was keenly aware that the Poconos were pulling on my heart strings. I returned and was welcomed "home" as gladly and joyfully as the returned prodigal.

The beginning of Buck Hill Falls dates back to the days of

Samuel Griscom who, during one of his visits to the Pocono country that he loved, discovered the falls of the Buck Hill Creek and was so impressed by their natural beauty that he bought them and considerable ground in the vicinity. When, in later life, he was obliged gradually to sell his various properties, this beautiful spot that he loved so well was the last to be relinquished. He refused to sell it to a group of New York hotel men and finally prevailed upon Howard Jenkins, also a Quaker, to visit the place. Mr. Jenkins was not particularly interested but agreed to look at it and, in order to make the trip into the wilderness more interesting, persuaded Henry Paiste and Dr. Speakman to accompany him. They were all so pleased with the falls and surroundings that they bought it without hesitation.

It is particularly unfortunate that the founder, Howard M. Jenkins, later lost his life in the falls that had so attracted him. He had been accustomed to crossing the stream at the top of the falls but in the autumn of 1902 there had been much rain and the stream was swollen to a torrent. Having crossed to the other side on a board across the stream, he was about to return the same way. Isaac Clothier, who was accompanying him but had not crossed over the stream, saw the precarious position of the board and shouted a warning. But Mr. Jenkins, not heeding, started back over the board, slipped, lost his balance, fell into the raging water and was swept down over the upper falls to the pool below, where he was found dead.

Buck Hill and Pocono Manor are of about the same age. It was on October 12, 1901, that a party of twenty-one visited Naomi Pines, south of the present Pocono Manor, to inspect a property there. Its location was not pleasing to most of them, there being no mountain view, and another trip of inspection was made from Philadelphia on October 30, 1901, the result of which was the purchase of six hundred and sixty

acres which was the start of the twenty-four hundred acres now comprising Pocono Manor. In 1902 the first cottage was built for Edwin Hoopes, who was employed continuously since then as superintendent, until the fall of 1927.

It has been said by one of their own members that "The Quakers are a peculiar people." This may have been more true then than it is today, when new cults and beliefs by the score have made us all more tolerant and broad-minded. But it is a fact that these largest Pocono resorts are what they are today because of this very peculiarity. Simplicity is the watch-word—a loosening of the fetters of convention and elimination of the cares and exactions of modern social life. Display and ostentation would be conspicuous. Evening dress is discouraged as hostile to the spirit of Buck Hill and Pocono Manor and evening clothes are never worn by the men. These places are not fashionable but they are highly selective and exclusive. The constant endeavor of the management is to keep them places for people of quiet and cultivated tastes and an appreciation of Nature—a place where there is every comfort and convenience dear to civilization, yet where the natural surroundings are as much as possible untouched by the hand of man.

You must be well introduced before you may secure accommodations at Buck Hill or Pocono Manor; and you must "wear well" while there or you will find yourself unwelcome. There are no definite rules—no commandments "thou shalt not"—but many things are not done at these quiet Quaker Inns, and you learn what these things are from the example of others rather than from any rules which you might feel interfered with your personal liberty.

You may, perhaps, become acquainted with these places and the people in a few days; but to really know and understand them—to appreciate them and begin to feel at home, will take much longer. These Inns are more than Inns—they are the

ideal development of an idea—great big homes in the mountains where the managers and their assistants form the nucleus of a large, happy family—kind, considerate and friendly—into which, those guests who are worthy, are included. It is the spirit of friendliness and the real hospitality of the family fireside which welcomes you. It is because the idea of this warm-hearted hospitality is carried out so finely that the utmost care is used in the selection of guests. The waiting list of those desiring accommodations is long, and the management can well afford to be discriminating.

At Buck Hill Falls are found ideal surroundings of virgin woods, streams and waterfalls, all in their wild natural beauty. No attempt has been made to improve on Nature and the hand of the engineer and landscape architect has been confined to necessary construction. Much could be written about the attractive cottages, their interesting locations, their porches and grand views, their plans and their hospitable fireplaces, built of the large and weather-worn field stones, grey and lichen-covered. The word "cottage" is far too modest a term to apply to many of them; but in spite of their size and beauty, the dominant note is simplicity and comfort—a protest against the conventional and artificial.

To Arthur Hugh Jenkins I am indebted for the following description of the Buck Hill Falls:

> "The other unique feature of Buck Hill and indeed its true reason for being, is the Glen and Falls, whose romantic beauty induced, in the first place, the purchase of the property. No other of the many waterfalls in the Pocono region can compare with these, nor are there many in America that can rival the rare and virgin beauty found here. The Buck Hill stream comes down from the crest of the plateau to the westward, traversing a remote and uninhabited country, much of it the wild ravine of Wild Cat Hollow. For two miles it flows through the estate, now through an open valley, and again through dense thickets of rhododendron.

Midway on its course, it plunges suddenly into the dim depths of the primeval forest.

"Giant hemlocks, moss grown rocks, great masses of ferns, acres of tall rhododendrons—these are the beauties of the glen. The stream sinks deeper and deeper into the forest depths until it flows between cliffs of smooth red stone, the slender path clinging perilously to the wall. The water races faster and more noisily. Suddenly the glen widens into a kind of amphitheatre, its bottom far below, and the stream hurls itself thundering into the depths of the well. There is a pause in the pool at the bottom, another minor fall of a few feet, and then the walls widen still further, and the water plunges over another ledge into a second foam flecked basin.

"Words cannot do justice to the beauty of the spot. Other cataracts may be broader, higher or more impressive; but for perfect natural beauty, the purity of tumbling waters, the noble hemlocks, the masses of fern and rhododendron—this glen, in the setting of forest green, is unique."

Pocono Manor is situated in the heart of the resort section. Much of historic interest in buildings and places surrounds it. The Old Swiftwater Inn and the beautiful Swiftwater stream are nearby. Through this Swiftwater valley and along the many walks about the settlement, the rhododendron blooms in its greatest and most delightful profusion. Big Pocono, with its vast views and its exalted height, attracts excursions and hiking trips from the Manor. The famous Delaware Water Gap appears near at hand as you gaze across the valley from the south porch of the Inn. This view, from the Manor across the beautiful Paradise Valley, is one of the most attractive in the whole region—not so extensive as views from the top of Big Pocono and other elevations, but infinitely charming—a view that is always quiet and restful and one that never grows tiresome.

There is an excellent golf-course at Buck Hill, with glorious views for those who do not take their golf too seriously. Three

LOWER BUCK HILL FALLS

Courtesy Charles F. Jenkins

nine hole courses allow different combinations and variety of play, the last of these nines having been constructed almost entirely through woods at an enormous expense. Pocono Manorites are quite content with their attractive and interesting eighteen hole course. At these resorts, the coming of spring is heralded not only by the birds returning from their southern migrations, the rhododendron budding in the glen, fishermen wading streams in search of the elusive trout, but also by the advent of the early golfers, some returned from southern courses, and others, less fortunate, getting into trim for the season.

Tennis enthusiasts find excellent courts at both the Manor and Buck Hill. At the latter place they may take inspiration from the fact that "Big Bill" Tilden, spent much time in his youth on these very same courts. The best players at Buck Hill some years ago—later members of their college tennis teams—all secured their early training as youngsters at the hands of Tilden during summer vacations at Buck Hill. These courts are still haunted with memories and stories of the then temperamental "Bill."

The Manor has the advantage of a fine large lake, in beautiful natural surroundings—Lake Minausin, some 300 feet below the level of the Inn—its waters quite cool but invigorating for the hardy swimmer and affording excellent opportunity for boating and canoeing and water sports.

The artificial out-door swimming pool at Buck Hill is especially popular in the afternoons and Sunday morning after meeting. Stalwart athletes from Yale, Princeton, Swarthmore and other colleges and universities mingle in the water or along the promenade, with attractive girls who occasionally stir from delightful relaxation in the sun to do a bit of admirable diving or swimming. A grizzled and bronzed veteran of many summers, probably sixty or more, dives off the board and shows

the benefit of keeping fit by the excellence of his form and the strong powerful strokes that carry him swiftly through the waters of the pool. Surrounding all is the "gallery"—cottagers and guests of the Inn, here to socialize at the popular bathing hour.

Both Buck Hill and Pocono Manor have their bowling alleys—a sport which was more popular than tennis or golf in the early days, these alleys having been the scene of many an exciting match between these two resorts, each side having their book of songs and cheers, enthusiastically rehearsed before the big Labor Day contests. In bowling the Manor has the advantage, usually having good bowling teams much feared as opponents by Buck Hill. In tennis the honors are about even. But in golf Buck Hill can usually be depended upon to even the score by having superior teams. The unique combination of fellowship and keen and spirited competition combined with good sportmanship in the annual Labor Day meets is one of the most cherished traditions of these resorts.

Throughout most of the year, horseback riding has many devotees who enjoy the woods trails, beautiful shaded roads by the side of picturesque streams or a ride up into higher country for a view of the hills.

For winter sports there are ski hills of every size and description, from the tamest sort for the novice to the Indian Run jumping hill at Pocono Manor—one of the finest in the country. Tobogganing down the long slide built through the woods, snowshoeing across country or over the golf-course or through the snow-blanketed woods, skating, skijoring, sleighing, all have their enthusiastic followers. At Buck Hill the toboggan course is on the golf-links, which also afford plenty of thrilling slopes and jumps for skiing. Baseball field or tennis-courts are banked and flooded for skating, which is also enjoyed on the streams and lakes nearby.

Pocono Manor is perhaps more quiet in its life and activities. For of later days, Buck Hill has become quite lively in the variety and extent of its activities and amusements. It is growing in size and becoming a bit more cosmopolitan. Bridge in its milder forms, for pleasurable pastime or social parties rather than for its gambling phase, has crept into the settlement. And, although there is no dancing at the Inn, the regular tri-weekly dances at the Tennis Tea House, with the popular college orchestra, are well attended. There are some who regret this growth, this graduation from the simple adolescent stage to more complex, sophisticated maturity that is more characteristic of its social life today. But the Hicksite branch of the Quakers seems to enjoy a bit more freedom of thought and action than their more conventional Orthodox Friends at the Manor.

These two largest resorts in the Poconos are distinctive. The third, Pocono Lake Preserve, is individual. Just as the "Friendly Inns" are different from other large resorts, Pocono Lake Preserve is different from Buck Hill Falls and Pocono Manor. The Manor people look upon it as a branch, less conventional and less expensive, and more particularly for large families who desire the freedom of spaciousness for their children, rather than the restraint of hotel life. Mr. Egbert Cary the superintendent of the Association—a rugged man and an admirable example of the results of a clean, healthy out-door life—told me with much amusement that someone had said you could not come to Pocono Lake Preserve unless you had at least six children. He chuckled and said it wasn't quite that bad. To me it seems that Pocono Lake Preserve is rather a place for those who prefer the woods—remnants of the original forest—and camp life somewhat refined and modernized, to the softer and more conventional life at the large mountain Inns.

Picture a large shallow lake of irregular shape reposing calmly in a virgin forest of pine. Back from its shores, half concealed in the thick growth of trees, are scattered numerous cottages—over a hundred of them, connected by paths or drives with the road that borders the shore line of the lake. At the lower end of the lake, where its waters spill over a large dam, is a modest club house which is the center of activities. Within a stone's throw of this building are the dining halls and camp kitchens, the tennis-courts, the baseball field, the boat landing and docks and piers for swimming, and a varied assortment of rowboats, canoes, motor-boats and numerous sailing boats. It is about eleven miles around the shores of the lake which covers about nine hundred acres of the total area of thirty-three hundred acres owned along the Tobyhanna Creek.

This is the physical and tangible Pocono Lake Preserve, and it is all very beautiful—the comfortable homelike cottages set in the depths of the woods fragrant with the odors of pine, spruce and hemlock—a forest just as nature planned, and so thick and dense at places as to make it difficult to penetrate its dark recesses. Pocono Lake Preserve is not a summer resort in the usual sense of the word. It is a cottage colony that serves as a summer vacation play-ground for those who are fortunate enough to be included in the membership of this association.

Pure physical beauty, however perfect in outline and feature, is not sufficiently attractive in itself. There must be more than that. There must be not only the body but the spirit—that quality which in human beings we call personality. It is the combinaton of body and spirit together in the right proportions that radiates animation and life and makes the possessor charming and attractive. And it is the same in Nature. It is not only the waters of a stream or brook, but it is the combina-

CALM WINDS AT POCONO LAKE PRESERVE

Courtesy Runcie Tatnall

tion of the growing trees with their leaves rustling in the air, the vegetation and life all around, combined with the lively tumbling of the waters over rocks and stones that makes the mountain stream so attractive.

At Pocono Lake Preserve it is not only the physical beauty that makes the place attractive, not the natural beauty of the lake with its bays and coves and surrounding woods of forest growth. It is this physical charm combined with the spirit that you find among the people who are living there—a spirit no doubt developed by rigid adherence to the high ideals and lofty purposes that prompted the founders. Here there has been established a quiet, orderly community of nature loving people who come year after year to rest and play in a care-free and congenial atmosphere.

Membership in the Pocono Lake Preserve association is limited and considerable care is exercised in admitting new members to the association. You cannot buy your way in. Preference is given to families who have something to offer for the good of the community other than wealth—children active in sports or with a keen interest in and knowledge of nature. Membership is not limited to Quakers. At the beginning over seventy-five percent of the members were Friends, but now not over twenty-five percent belong to this religious society. But the management, direction and control of the association is in accordance with the principles and beliefs of the Society of Friends, and practically all the members are in accord with those beliefs.

In the everyday life of the community, white collars are seldom seen. You are not judged by what you wear, but by what you really are, what you have done and what service you are contributing to the community. The girls frolic about in khaki knickers and middy blouses. Men and boys are just as comfortably clad in soft shirts and khaki—a real democracy

of spirit and of dress that is not spoiled by a continual flow of guests and visitors. Here is a large orderly family of approximately seven hundred people who live simply, happily and wisely, enjoying their "back to nature" excursions of two or three months every year. In the fall they return to their city homes well equipped with abundant stores of reserve vitality and health gained during their summer sojourn at the lake.

The atmosphere at the Preserve is a busy one. There is no idleness. Everyone is busy at work or play. Things are well planned and managed so that there are no idle hours to breed discontent or mischief. And there has been bred at Pocono Lake Preserve a healthy competitive spirit, with good natured rivalry and good sportsmanship prevailing, that develops the sturdy qualities of both body and mind. The entire population is divided into two groups, the "Reds" and the "Blues" for purposes of competition in sports. Every day the point score of these two sides is increased by victories in some form of sport—tennis, volley-ball, sailing, swimming, diving, canoe racing, crew racing, with croquet and quoits for the older folks, even marbles for a touch of humor, and nature study for those more seriously inclined. It is amusing, but indicative of the enduring qualities of good sportsmanship fostered here, to observe Dr. F. H. Raetjer of Johns Hopkins University umpiring an old men's marble game as part of these "Red" and "Blue" contests.

Participation in sports is only part of the daily life. It is not a case of all play and no work. A good healthy balance is maintained. At many summer resorts, college students wait on tables in the dining-room, but they have no social standing. At the Preserve a boy or girl has no social standing unless he or she *does* wait on table, or engage in some useful work. Small boys are anxious to go along with the paid drivers, mostly college fellows, on the milk route, so that they can get

the experience and be in line themselves for a similar position on the force later on. All chauffeurs are boys whose parents are residents at the Preserve. Mates on the motor-boats polish and clean up and look forward to being captain of a boat themselves.

Superintendent Cary in his virile, energetic and decisive manner acknowledged that a hotel here would be a source of considerable revenue and make the community more than self-supporting; but it would intrude an unwelcome note of the outside world of conventional laws, dress and the many demands of modern civilized society that are so delightfully absent in this community of carefree, nature loving people who here enjoy the opportunity to live the simple life. Mr. Cary expressed it very characteristically when he said "Our people have got to go into their pockets for maintenance because there is no hotel to make the money—no source of revenue. Our people wear their old clothes and pay the price for doing it."

Recently there has been developed, under the very shadow of the largest resort in the Poconos, a worthy rival for patronage—the new Skytop Lodge, looking down on the village of Canadensis and across to its foster parent—the Inn and cottages half hidden among the trees of Buck Hill.

Cottagers and guests of the Inn at Buck Hill Falls have long been accustomed to settle themselves comfortably, after the evening meal, on the north porch and grounds of the Inn and enjoy the twilight, looking northward in the direction of the falls to Mount Wismer and watching the shadows softly settling over the land.

Now there is a new point of interest. As the darkness deepens, they turn their gaze slightly to the right, across the valley of the Brodhead Creek, and watch the flickering lights from a spot on the hill beyond Canadensis. It is the new Sky-

top Lodge, whose lights they are watching. And they marvel at the suddenness and the boldness with which this youthful rival has perched itself on yonder hill, hardly five miles away.

For Skytop has been planned and conceived in no mean fashion. First of all its location commands perhaps the best view of any of the resorts in the Poconos. The sweep of Pocono country that can be seen from its south porch and from its golf course, takes in the well known Pocono Knob and the famous Delaware Water Gap, with the Inn at Buck Hill and the cottages nestling comfortably among the trees in the middle distance.

For necessary construction at Skytop, outside capital was sought but always with more scrutiny of the person furnishing the capital than on the amount of money itself. It was said in November, 1928, that those promoting the project had refused stock subscriptions for as high as $25,000 from people they decided were undesirable. On the board of directors are the names of men prominent and successful in hotel management in the Poconos and Atlantic City, together with business and professional men well known in New York City and Philadelphia.

Work was started several years ago when a dam was constructed across the Levis Creek and valley to form a large lake for boating, canoeing, swimming and skating. The beautiful Levis Falls and Glen are nearby and the wild, untamed Indian Ladder Falls within easy walking distance.

Today there is an attractive long low rambling lodge of thoroughly modern and fireproof construction that comfortably cares for three hundred guests. An atmosphere of charming simplicity and informality is conveyed by the interior decorating. In addition to the billiard room, recreation hall, etc., a dance floor and cozy card rooms add a note not to be found at the large Quaker resorts of the Poconos. There is a sug-

FEBRUARY HOLIDAYS AT SKYTOP

Courtesy Sam. H. Packer

gestion of life more like that of a large country club. In fact, to be a guest at Skytop Lodge, you must be a member, or the guest of a member, of Skytop Club, membership to which is just as selective as the membership of your country club.

The eighteen hole golf course is long and interesting—especially the ninth hole where I said farewell to several perfectly good golf balls during the summer of 1928. But the course is most unusual for a mountain course in the fact that its variety of sporty holes and commanding tees are reached without any hard climbs.

Architects, builders and landscape gardeners have executed nobly. The total cost of grounds and buildings is said to have been $1,500,000. But the money has been well spent and under the present capable and experienced management, Skytop, although quite new, is attracting an interesting and select clientele and bids fair to rank well with the largest resorts in the Poconos. Skytop is organized and operated on a different plan from the two large Quaker resorts. In this respect it reminds you of the Lake Placid Club in the Adirondacks. The addition of Skytop to the Poconos is welcomed alike by discriminating people who enjoy the mountains and by present Pocono resort managers who find it impossible to take care of all those desiring accommodations at their hospitable Inns.

Monroe County claims the record, based on the United States Department of Agriculture reports, of being the dryest county east of the Rocky Mountains. Another reason for the popularity and success of Pocono Mountain resorts is the practical advantage that the Poconos possess by virtue of their accessibility to the large centres of population.

One of the finest stretches of highway in America is that known as the Lackawanna Trail—that ribbon of concrete which, beginning at Binghamton in New York, extends with wide sweeping curves to Scranton and on, through the heart of the Pocono Mountain resort section, to Stroudsburg and

the Delaware Water Gap. For much of its course this modern concrete highway follows the former roadbed of the Lackawanna Railroad, abandoned and graciously donated to New York and Pennsylvania when modern engineering made possible the shortening of this railroad line.

The motorist from Philadelphia, passing through Doylestown and Easton and the Delaware Water Gap, will reach his destination in the Poconos in three or four hours. Varying the route and approaching the Poconos by way of Bethlehem, Allentown, Nazareth, Wind Gap and Saylorsburg will take him away from the picturesque Delaware River valley but give him more interesting mountain views. The distance in either case will not be much greater or less than a hundred miles. From New York the motorist will travel perhaps ten miles less, passing through Morristown, Dover, Hackettstown and Buttsville. Or he may select another route, famous for its scenery, and come down over the Milford turnpike which begins at Port Jervis in New York and follows the upper Delaware River through Milford, Dingman's Ferry and Bushkill Falls.

Some years ago, as a young engineer, I learned that from the standpoint of engineering, route, right of way, roadbed, etc., the Lackawanna Railroad was the finest, mile for mile, in the world. Motoring through the Poconos from Philadelphia to Ithaca several years later, and seeing some of the great long viaducts and bridges—beautiful concrete structures—that represented the highest degree of engineering science and skill, I well realized that this Lackawanna Railroad cost more to build, per mile, than any other railroad of its extent in the world. This railroad, adhering very closely to a direct course between New York City and Buffalo passes through the heart of the Poconos. The time from New York to the principal Pocono resorts is two or three hours. From Philadelphia the

approach is over the Belvidere division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, intercepting the Lackawanna Railroad at Stroudsburg on the edge of the Poconos. This trip is made without change of cars in three or four hours.

In the northwest corner of the Poconos, comparatively little known to travelers and vacationists, lies Lake Paupac. It is said to be the highest natural lake in Pennsylvania. Its very name is an Indian word meaning "Lake in the Clouds." For pure natural beauty and picturesque charm, I can think of no more attractive lake in the whole Pocono region. And yet, very few of the thousands of visitors to the Poconos have seen it, or in fact learned of its existence. For Paupac is in the more remote section as yet undisturbed by tourists. A large Y. M. C. A. camp is not many miles south on the shore of Walker's Lake, at the opposite end of which are several girls' camps. Promised Land, a State Forest Reserve containing a large lake reclaimed from shallow ponds and swamp land, is a hunter's and fishermen's paradise, as are also Big Pond, Peck's Pond, Lakes Belle, Laura and Ernest and the thick woods surrounding them. All of these are in the same comparatively little known quarter.

If you are near this section of the Poconos, any little trouble you may have in finding and reaching Lake Paupac will be well rewarded. You will find there "a bit of the Northland dropped into Pennsylvania." You will probably be surprised to find so near to New York and Philadelphia the wild attractions of Maine. The lake itself is really a gem in a beautiful setting of wooded shoreline. Enclosing the bright sparkling waters of the lake, the land rises gradually, covered with the native pine and cedar, interspersed with the white birch for contrast. It is the kind of lake that residents of Pennsylvania and New York are accustomed to journey to Maine and Canada to find.

The waters of the lake find their outlet through beautiful pine and rock-lined gorges and rhododendron and laurel-covered glens to the falls, about eighty feet high and as beautiful as any in the Poconos.

For more than fifty years there has been a hotel at the foot of Lake Paupac, started as a lumbermen's stopping place and since enlarged and improved to be used as a mecca for the few guests to whom Paupac was known. There have been plans to build and promote Paupac on a large scale as the most attractive resort in the Poconos; but inaccessibility has retarded development and, with the exception of several cottages and the Inn, all now privately owned, very little has been done to change the wild natural beauty of the place.

The Blooming Grove Hunting and Fishing Club, not far to the south of Lake Paupac, is a vast domain of wild forest containing large deer preserves, pheasant pens, etc. Fish-hatchery buildings extend for about half a mile along one of the streams. There are seven lakes and a large club house that is really a fine mountain hotel. The membership in this exclusive association is drawn chiefly from wealthy New York families with a few from Philadelphia and elsewhere. Extensive stables, a blacksmith shop, garage, great numbers of dog kennels and runs for keeping the hunting dogs of members during the season, beautifully designed and built rustic log cottages, all make this a remarkably complete, fine and extensive hunting and fishing domain and resort.

Proceeding southward past the Mountain Lake house which lies somewhere between Mount Wismer and Indian Ladder Falls and coming down Krummels Hill road we see Skytop in to the right, with its golf-course occasionally bordering the road as we drive along and down into the village of Canadensis. Nearby is "The Pines" with accommodations for about a hun-

Courtesy Charles H. Thompson

TO THE FIRST TEE AT BUCK HILL

dred guests, tennis-courts, etc. Old Orchard, The Old Inn, Crestwood and other similar places are scattered about.

Passing through the settlement at Buck Hill Falls we enter the more developed resort section. There is the Onawa Lodge at the turn of the road just beyond Mountain Home. Turning to the right here and going up the steep and winding mountain road, we reach Monomononk Inn, a striking contrast of white against the dark background of trees, visible for many miles as it stands, perched high on the side of the mountain. Returning and passing through Cresco, we find the Meadowside and the Ontwood just before coming out on the Lackawanna Trail. Turning to the right we soon see the large Mount Pleasant House, an old hotel with history, that stands out prominently along the highway.

In the Mount Pocono section is the Old Swiftwater Inn, a part of which is over a hundred and fifty years old. This hotel was a favorite stopping place many years ago and it has entertained many notables. Drivers for touring parties point out "Ye Olde Swiftwater Inn" as one of the famous hostelries of early days and tell you that it was here that Henry Van Dyke wrote that beautifully poetic essay—"Little Rivers."

Hawthorne Inn and cottages, quiet and secluded, are hidden in the woods off the beaten highway. The Inn is one of the most quaint buildings in the Poconos. From its porch are obtained peaceful views of the Delaware Water Gap and majestic Pocono Knob with the great stretches of hills and forests between. Naming the cottages after the poets—Longfellow, Poe, Whittier, Bryant, Browning and others—helps to carry out the quiet poetic beauty of this retreat in the mountains. The Wiscasset bungalows along the shores of Wiscasset Lake are easily accessible and have attracted a small cottage colony of their own.

South of Pocono Manor, near Pocono Lake Preserve, is the small settlement of Pocono Pines. Here was formerly located

the "Pocono Pines Assembly and Summer Schools of Naomi Pines," incorporated about the year 1902 by members of the Presbyterian Church among whom was Dr. Roberts, the moderator of the General Assembly, and Joseph Elkinton, a member of the Society of Friends. In 1921 this property was leased to the Federal School for Vocational Education and the Government occupied these buildings as a rehabilitation home for disabled soldiers. Here many veterans of the Great War were convalescing, many of them engaged in useful occupations and learning new trades more suited to their disabled condition. From the health standpoint, the government considered this one of the most ideally situated of the many similar posts that were so numerous during the reconstruction program immediately after the war. Three years later most of the buildings were destroyed by fire and the government lease terminated.

In 1926 the former Presbyterian "Pocono Pines Assembly and Summer Schools of Naomi Pines" tract was sold to a group of Lutherans from New York City, who acquired also adjoining tracts making a total of over 1200 acres. The "Lutheran Conference and Camp Association" was organized and construction started on the first of two hotel buildings and camps to provide facilities to the young people of the church for vacations and summer conferences. A somewhat similar development was started the previous year by Philadelphia Lutherans at Paradise Falls.

Leaving Pocono Pines and passing Laurel Inn, a long low building some distance in from the road to the right, we enter more undeveloped country. Stoddardsville lies to the right, but keeping more nearly straight ahead or bearing slightly to the left, we leave concrete and macadam at Blakesley, and travel for awhile more typical country roads. Our objective

is still another of the beautiful Pocono Lakes situated on the southern edge of the Pocono plateau.

Harmony Lake is referred to by its enthusiasts as the "Gem Lake of the Poconos." It is a fresh-water lake, fed by bottom springs, 1810 feet above sea level, nestling luxuriously in the crest of the plateau. It lacks none of the desirable features of a good resort. Approximately sixty bungalows and cottages dot its shores. Rhododendron and laurel bloom in profusion. Deer are plentiful and can be seen almost daily coming down to the shores of the lake to drink. Deer runs and mountain trails afford healthful recreation for the hiker. The lake not only offers facilities for boating, canoeing and swimming, but its waters contain an abundance of bass, pickerel, perch, catfish and sunfish to delight the fishermen. Hunters will find deer, pheasants and rabbits.

Split Rock, an object of interest to the layman as well as the geologist, lies west of Harmony Lake. It is supposed to have been split in two by the wrinkling of the earth's crust as it cooled, and in later ages to have withstood the wearing away by the glaciers that swept over it from the north. This rock is usually the objective of hiking parties. From its pinnacle, Mosey Wood Pond glistens to the west with the valley of the Tobyhanna and the Tunkhannock creeks north and northeast. The Pocono Summit district is beyond and Lake Harmony to the east.

Dan Beard, former Indian scout, friend of Theodore Roosevelt and organizer of the Boy Scouts of America, established his first camp near Forest Lake in the northwestern corner of the Poconos. Two of Roosevelt's sons as well as the sons of other well known personages have attended this camp. Ten years ago it accommodated boys from thirty-eight states. It is especially well equipped and conducted and very selective in choosing those whose privilege it will be to attend this camp.

In this same general locality, the Yale Forestry School usually holds its summer sessions. Boy Scout camps and Y. M. C. A. camps are scattered about through the Poconos, chiefly in the northern or Pike County section. There is Camp Lenape at Lake Arthur, the Paxon camp at Lake Waseca, the Boy Scout Camp Yapeechu at Buck Hill Falls and many others.

Farther south, near Pocono Pines where the country is not quite so wild, are the girl's camps. Pine Tree Camp accommodates a large number of girls and has been excellently conducted by Miss Blanche D. Price for a number of years. Nearby, on Naomi Lake, is Camp Owaissa—an Indian name meaning "Blue Bird," symbolic of happiness. As at Pine Tree Camp, all forms of sport are available to the girls at Camp Owaissa—swimming, tennis, baseball, hiking, horseback riding and others conducive to health and happiness.

Near Mount Pocono is Camp Tegawitha which accommodates over two hundred girls and engages thirty-five counsellors to carry out their program. Field hockey is the main sport but there is plenty of interest also in swimming, basketball, baseball, tennis, track and horseback riding. Its hockey field is an early season practice ground for the teams of some of the best known girls' colleges in the east. The well laid out baseball diamond, excellent tennis-courts, large and well-equipped permanent buildings, all combine to make this one of the largest and best equipped girls camps in the country.

Often we are blind to the opportunities nearest at hand. We are prone to seek in other fields what may be in our own domain. I remember some years ago, a lady who had traveled extensively in Europe as well as America, remarked to me that for natural beauty of scenery and wild rugged picturesque places, she considered that nothing she had seen elsewhere surpassed the comparatively unknown regions of Pike County in Pennsylvania. In her opinion there were places in Pike

TOBOGGAN SAILING

Courtesy William L. Caley

County that equaled if they did not surpass any other places she had seen, for natural scenic beauty and picturesque ruggedness.

No less a person than Gifford Pinchot, United States Forester during the Roosevelt administration, well acquainted by travel in this country and Europe, fond of the woods and the out-door life, pays a characteristically modest and silent tribute to the Pocono region in the fact that he maintains his permanent home just south of Milford in Pike County; and during the heat of a strenuous political campaign for governor of Pennsylvania, he delighted to retire occasionally for a quiet day or two of fishing at his favorite lake in the Poconos.

Certainly the Poconos are not lacking in facilities for enjoying a delightful vacation, whether it be for a couple of days, several weeks, the summer months or longer. After successive summer vacations and frequent week-ends during the winter, some have come to live among its hills the year round and been happy to make the Poconos their permanent home. Others who have become really acquainted with these picturesque hills and quiet valleys, the rushing brooks and the trout-streams, the woods, the lure of healthful outdoor sport, return again and again to renew acquaintances, to golf or tennis, to swim or hike and, in the winter, to indulge in the most fascinating, exciting and thrilling of all sports—skiing and tobogganing.

There was a time when the inhabitants of the Poconos burrowed into their homes for the winter; but those times are past. Today, snow covered hills and ice covered lakes have made the Poconos almost as popular in the winter as in the summer, and there is no longer any winter solitude. Everywhere, at all seasons of the year, people from the crowded cities are here, enjoying a brief respite from the arduous demands of strenuous business and social life.

WINTER

PEOPLE are hurrying, scurrying, heads down against the blinding snow that whirls around the corners and swirls and blows down the canyon-like streets. They are bundled up in great heavy coats and artics. Many carry umbrellas which add to the confusion. Crowds are walking in the middle of the streets where the traction companies, by all-night work, have kept open lanes of travel.

Trolleys are late, and packed tight with human beings who can scarcely move to get in or out. The huge revolving brooms of the trolley-sweepers are whirling the snow, mixed with the dirt of the streets, to one side in dark, murky clouds. Scrapers on motor-trucks and tractor-plows are scraping and shoving and pushing the snow to one side to make a thoroughfare for the big busses that crawl along the streets, through the traffic, like great green worms.

Just as soon as the snow stops falling, the street cleaning department will have its gangs working. The ever present army of unemployed will be mustered into service for a few days and, in a tenth of the time that it would take Nature to accomplish the task, the snow will have found its way, aided by this army of shovelers, by motor-truck and underground sewers, from the streets to the river. The city will be finally released from the grip of the storm and free to speed along again, unimpeded, with its endless round of business and pleasure.

In a few days this clean blanket of snow that quickens the step and the pulse, and livens the spirits of the inhabitants, will have succumbed to the dross and dirt of the city and

become slush. Pedestrians will be picking their way carefully over sloppy crossings. A thoughtless motorist or careless taxi-driver hurrying along will spatter them with an unclean mixture of melted snow, oil and grease and dirt from the streets. Autos will be sliding and skidding. The police stations will be crowded with arrests for collisions, driving past signals, reckless driving and all the other technical charges resulting from the difficulty of controlling traffic under such conditions.

Several days more and the countless thousands who daily hurry down-town in the morning and out again at night, will be coughing and sneezing as a result of the wet streets, crowded trolleys and hot, dry, steam-heated offices and apartments, contrasting with the cold damp air outside. Doctors will be worn-out with the continual ministering to the wants of those with colds, coughs, sore throats, tonsilitis and other afflictions that follow in the aftermath of a storm in the city, with its continually changing weather conditions. This is a large typical eastern city in the winter.

How different is the picture in the mountains, only a hundred miles away. The first thick covering of snow that falls in November or December usually stays. It is increased by other snowfalls until the hills and valleys, the fields and woods are all clothed in a thick garment of snow that covers and protects vegetation until the warm thaws of spring.

Contrasted with the melting snows and murky weather in the cities beyond, what a beautiful prospect greets the visitor to the Poconos or the inhabitant returning home, as the train leaves the Delaware and starts on its climb from Stroudsburg, through Analomink, Bartonsville, Cresco and on to Pocono Summit. No noise—no dirt—no spattering mud—no confusion—just calm, peaceful snow-covered hills, their whiteness varied occasionally by patches of spruce or pine. In the val-

leys the snow lies deeper, and the quiet is broken by the rippling of the dark-colored waters of a trout-stream that pierces this white blanket. Here and there is a beaver dam; but mostly there is nothing but snow-covered country and woods filled with snow.

There was a time, not many years ago, when winter in the Poconos was a season during which all things, animate and inanimate seemed asleep—quiet and still, frozen and dormant, waiting for the advent of spring to call them back to life. It was the season when native inhabitants put on the storm-doors if they were fortunate enough to possess them. The coldest rooms were closed off from the rest of the house and left unused. The fire blazed brightly in the big stove in the middle of the sitting-room or parlor when "company" was being entertained. At other times the kitchen, heated by the big range used for cooking and baking, served also as dining-room and sitting-room. People ventured out only for an occasional church supper or other social occasion, to go to the village for the necessary supplies, to attend school or go to church.

But these quiet slumbering days are no more. Today the Poconos are alive and active in the winter as well as in the summer. Every train from the nearby cities brings its quota of visitors, and snow shoes and skis often contend with the milk cans for room in the baggage car. Native inhabitants are kept busy, moving sluggishly and unwillingly perhaps in the cold weather, but moving nevertheless, to help supply food, clothing, shelter and amusement to these visitors who have broken in upon their winter solitude.

The mountain resorts keep "open house." Huge logs burn in their spacious fireplaces and give an air of warm hospitality and cheer to the arriving guest. To the initiated, these inviting fireplaces are stopping stations on the way to and from the winter sports on the hill. Snow-clad hills and ice-covered

lakes are filled with people, young and old, from city, town and country, all alive to the wonderful sport that is to be enjoyed on toboggan, skis or skates; and for real exhilaration, thrill and excitement, summer sports are quite tame in comparison.

There is an exciting element of danger in the fascinating speed of toboggan or skis going down the steep sloping hillsides. There is the zest of real sport in skiing over snow-covered fields and fences; and there is an element of adventure in snow-shoeing through the woods and tramping unhindered over the tops of the bushes buried in the snow. There is the stimulation of the exercise of skating and the beauty of its even rhythm and grace. And, in addition to all these, there is the clear, pure mountain air that refreshes and produces a healthy stimulation that makes you glad you are alive and eager for more of this delightful winter sport.

For pure joyous play, for exciting sport and real thrills, all combined, I know of nothing that can equal winter sports in the clear, dry air of the mountains. And these winter sports pay big dividends; for they build up an abundant reserve of vitality and energy to withstand the demands of the strenuous business of living, back in the crowded cities.

One need not necessarily be strenuous to enjoy the benefits and pleasures of winter sport. For there is the big sociable "sleighbus," nearly as long as a trolley car or a Fifth Avenue bus, two long seats extending its entire length on each side. The floor is covered with straw so there are no cold feet, and big warm blankets serve as cushions as well as cover. As the sleighbus, filled with enthusiasts wrapped in their sweaters and furs, glides along with snow banked high on either side, it dips occasionally to one side or the other as the runners fall into a rut or wagon track worn deep into the

Photograph by Ernest Corts

WINTER QUIET IS BROKEN

snow. Its occupants, mindful of upsets, are given a thrilling moment of suspense.

I well remember a sleighbus party to Levis Falls one winter day. The cook and his helpers had taken another sleigh, filled with provisions, and when we arrived at the camp they were broiling chops and preparing food over several camp-fires, built right out in the open along the stream. That lunch would have put to shame many a luncheon prepared by a hotel chef in a kitchen with all the conveniences at hand. I think I never ate more delicious food. Probably preparing the food out in the open air had much to do with the excellent flavor of everything broiled, fried or cooked.

After enjoying this excellent repast out-of-doors, the party returned to the Inn in the sleighs that had brought us, while I started across country on snow-shoes. Leaving Levis Falls, I was delighted with the view of the southern part of the Pocono plateau. There was Big Pocono jutting out on the right, and the Delaware Water Gap on the left, framing a picture of intervening hills and valleys, wooded slopes and fields, all snow-covered and white. The towers of the Inn and the roofs of the cottages in the settlement, nestling snugly among the trees on the hillside several miles away, peeped out from the white blanket of snow.

The last part of my hike was through the woods, where I took off my snow-shoes in order to travel more easily along the little narrow path which had been worn deep into the snow by the workmen returning to their homes in Canadensis. The laurel and rhododendron bushes were almost covered, their tops peering out above the soft white snow, their green leaves dried and drooping. The trees were leafless and apparently lifeless with the exception of the pine and spruce and hemlock, whose green color held out the hope of another spring to come.

All was quiet and still except for the sound of running water trickling over its stony course, as the outlet of some spring found its way down the steep slope to the stream in the ravine below. Twilight was settling all about me. Between the trees, over above the hills to the west, I could see the sky where, in the afterglow of the sun, long since set, there lingered delicate shades of yellow, pink and lavender. These colors were caught up and reflected by the snow in more subdued shades that blended, in beautiful harmony, with the gray of the woods.

The shadows deepened. Darkness was enclosing the land. But as I walked on it seemed to be growing lighter. I wondered what trick of vision this might be here in the snow-covered woods. New shadows, cast in the opposite direction, appeared, faint at first, but growing more distinct as I walked along the solitary path. I looked up in the direction from which these new shadows came. There, just above the eastern horizon, was a great ball of pure silvery white in a sky of blue. It was beautiful. The moonlight, falling on the white snow here in the woods, casting soft shadows of the trees across the path, and the quiet solitude and beauty of it all, cast a spell of witchery and charm entrancing beyond expression.

Just a walk from the Inn to the Falls, a quarter of a mile away, brings back memories of the well-worn path and the beauty of the snow-covered glen. The falls are covered with ice and frozen foam. The snow rests in fluffy bunches on the branches of pine and spruce and the leaves and twigs of the laurel and rhododendron. The frozen mist makes of the falls one great mass of ice. Huge icicles hang down from the dripping rocks along the sides of the gorge. It is really a miniature fairyland, set in a natural amphitheatre in the midst of primeval forest.

Photograph by the author

THE FROZEN FALLS

THE POCONOS

Trees
Flowers and Plants
Birds
Wild Animal Life

Ellsworth Huntington has truly said:

"No part of the world can be truly understood without a knowledge of its garment of vegetation, for this determines not only the nature of the animal inhabitants, but also the occupations of the majority of human beings."

Any description of the Poconos would be far from complete if it did not include something of the trees, the plants and flowers, the birds and the wild animal life.

Being interested in all, but unable to speak with the voice of authority on any, I have been fortunate in securing the co-operation and assistance of men who know and love the subjects about which they write, and who are well acquainted with the Pocono region. I have drawn largely from the articles they have contributed in the descriptions which follow.

TREES OF THE POCONOS

WHEN William Penn received the grant of land in America from the English king, and the members of the Court with much amusement named it Pennsylvania, or "Penn's Woods," they little realized the value of these woods in this unknown land. Pennsylvania was blest with abundant natural resources, and the trees of "Penn's Woods" contributed their full share to make it a great and prosperous state.

Pennsylvania was originally one of the best, if not the very best, of wooded states in the eastern half of the country. The total land area of Pennsylvania is usually given as 28,692,480 acres. Practically the entire state, with the exception of a few natural meadows and several rough mountain tops, was originally covered with trees.

But a great change has taken place since the days when the early settlers began building their cabins. Today only a few small patches of the original forest remain. I remember having seen some of these specimens of the original forest growth at Bear Creek, along the southwestern portion of the Poconos, near Wilkes-Barre—great, large, old trees that tower to the sky with a dignity and majesty that is superb.

Sixty or seventy years ago this whole country was one great pine forest containing the finest white pine on the continent. But Albert Lewis, then an ordinary lumberjack, bought a few acres and cut the timber. With the money he made on this operation, he bought more timberland and then more, and more, until he finally owned practically all the land in the vicinity of Bear Creek. He was known as "the lumber king" and reputed to have become a millionaire. He retired to

live in the fine home he built at Bear Creek, in the midst of a grove of trees, where a few fine specimens of magnificient trees have been left standing.

State Forester Henderson tells of having found, in the northeastern portion of the Poconos, a large red oak, sixty inches in diameter. The rings on this tree, and other distinguishing marks, spoke a language the forester understands and indicated that this large old tree was probably fifteen or twenty inches in diameter when Columbus discovered America.

During my horseback trip through the Poconos, I remember well the many miles of road through the forests. Often I traveled five or ten miles without seeing a sign of a house or habitation, or living being—nothing but the trees and woods on both sides of the road. One day after climbing to the top of High Knob in Pike County, I gained an extensive view of the Poconos of the north. Gazing down on the country in all directions, there seemed to be nothing but trees everywhere —hills and valleys all covered with trees, with no sign of a break—endless miles of wild woods. The forester, keeping his lonely vigil here in the fire-tower expressed the impression very aptly when he said, "To stand here on a clear day and look down on the country all around, for miles, you would think there was no living thing anywhere—no signs of a farm or clearing—nothing but trees and woods." A solitary eye in the sombre-toned landscape before us, gleamed in the distance. The forester explained that it was a lake about ten miles away.

The trees of the Poconos are as varied as its flora—some distinctly Canadian—some similar to those in the temperate zones—others the type more common to warmer climes. Originally the country along the Tobyhanna and Tunkhannock Creeks, including Long Pond, Stoddardsville, Blakeslee, and on into Bear Creek, as well as the wilder country west of

Photograph by the author

FROM PECK'S DAM TO PORTER'S LAKE

Tobyhanna and south of Gouldsboro, was heavily wooded with white pine, spruce and hemlock. The section in the vicinity of Pocono Lake, Pocono Pines, and Wagner's used to be known as "Pine Swamp." Northeast were the "Beech Woods" in what is now the vicinity of Turkey Knoll and Buck Hill. At the headwaters of the beautiful Brodhead Creek, were many large and beautiful poplar, oak and chestnut trees.

It has been roughly estimated that as late as 1865 there were approximately two million acres of original forest still standing between White Haven, and the Delaware River, and between the present village of Stoddardsville and the city of Scranton. Altho there were no extensive lumbering operations until after the Civil War there was a considerable business during these early days in "shingling" on these unclaimed lands. This rather questionable business consisted in stealing the most suitable and attractive trees from accessible parts of the forest, from which a skilled axeman with the proper "crow," could "rive" from five hundred to eight hundred shingles in a day . These hand hewn shingles were brought into the nearest town or to the nearest store and sold or exchanged for necessities and articles of merchandise. Many of the wood roads throughout the forests owe their origin to the most frequented paths along which trees suitable for shingling were dragged out from the forest to available places for riving.

The Pocono Forestry Association, originally called the Pocono Protective Fire Association, has the distinction of being the first private association in the United States for the protection of the forests from fire. Previous to its organization there had been no systematic plan for forest protection. The State made no pretense of protection and every county was supposed to look after its own fires. The result was that no attention was given to fires burning on the mountain "wild

lands" and they were left to burn themselves out or be extinguished by the rain.

With the organization of a State Forest Department, followed a period of readjustment during which the Pocono Protective Fire Association was threatened with extinction because the early acts of Assembly in regard to forestry failed to provide for the proper coordination of such associations with the State Forestry Department. But a small group of members clung tenaciously to the principles upon which the association had been founded. During the dark days when this unique association was fighting for its very existence, the tripod which sustained it was made up of the three Quaker settlements in the county—the Pocono Manor Association, the Buck Hill Falls Company, and the Pocono Lake Preserve. The association, after hard work, secured the interest and support of the public, the membership increasing from thirty in 1912, to forty-two in 1913, two hundred and twelve in 1915, and three hundred and seven in 1917.

It is interesting to note that most of the members of this association at present are town and city visitors who come to the Poconos to find rest and sport and recreation. More than half of the members live outside of the county during the greater part of the year. With this changed membership the purpose of the association has changed to one of protection of the woods and forest for the trees themselves rather than for their future value as timber. The fishermen do not want to see the forests disappear because it means the eventual disappearance also of the native trout that inhabit the streams; and the hunters are interested in fire protection because the trees of the woods and forest protect the wild animal life in which they are interested; others are interested in the birds that live in the trees, and still others in the trees themselves, as objects of beauty, which they do not want to see destroyed.

Courtesy Penna. State Forestry Dept.
FOREST FIRE TOWER ON BIG POCONO

This is one of the peculiarities of the Pocono Protective Fire Association, distinguishing it from most other protective associations which exist mainly for the avowed purpose of preserving the trees as timber for future use.

The United States forestry service has pronounced the Pennsylvania fire-fighting system the best in the country. The many inquiries which are received from the Forestry Departments of other states concerning the system of observation towers, and the fire-fighting organization built up by Gifford Pinchot are eloquent of the fact that Pennsylvania stands foremost in the organization and efficiency of its forestry department and the work of education and propaganda, as well as practical accomplishment toward conservation of the forests.

For efficient handling of state-owned tracts, the state is divided into forest districts, each in charge of a technically trained district forester. The fire observation towers erected by the state at commanding points are not only landmarks that can be seen for miles, but they themselves command extended views of the surrounding country. I remember distinctly the one that I visited on the top of Pocono Knob—a skeleton structure of steel about sixty feet high, on the top of which is perched a sort of cabin enclosed on all sides, top and bottom, with steel and glass so as to command a view in all directions. Here a forest ranger or warden is on duty daily during the Spring and Fall months when forest fires are most prevalent. These fire-towers are fitted up with a telephone and a table on which is a large map placed in position to reproduce in minature the entire surrounding country, showing all the roads, trails, streams, etc. The map is under glass with a large compass above it so that the man on duty in the tower can locate very accurately any fire which he observes to be starting, and with the map of trails, streams, fire-lines, etc. before him, plan where and how best to attack the fire and

stop it. He telephones his instructions to the fire-warden in that locality and directs the work of fighting the fires from his high observation point like a general commanding his troops in battle.

The State Forestry Department is doing excellent work along the line of education and propaganda. Moving pictures are shown in rural schoolhouses, accompanied by lectures and talks and discussions; great quantities of literature are distributed for educational purposes; millions of seedlings are furnished free of charge; placards are posted plentifully on state forest land—all uniting in the ringing demand that "The trees shall not follow the buffalos." Riding through the Poconos I noticed numerous signs and posters typical of which is the following:

> "The forest is your friend. The water you drink comes from it. Nothing you wear or use could be yours without the forest's help. The State forests are your play-grounds. They are wide open for you to fish, hunt and camp. Our forests are almost gone—go into those that remain. Go often. There is nobility. There is serenity. There is beauty. Make friends with the forest trees. They repay."

Mr. Joseph S. Illick, of the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters, from his specialized knowledge and acquaintance with the region, can speak more definitely and with the voice of authority, of the trees found in the Poconos. The article he has contributed can well be included here just as he has written it.

"I remember my first day in the Poconos. It was a wonderful day for walking. The air was clear and crisp. The lakes stood out like sparkling diamonds amidst the vast stretches of

forest land. The trees were at their best. All the hills were aglow with crimson foliage of the little bushes and struggling sprouts that God created to make burned land look beautiful.

"When the first white settlers came to the Poconos, a dense and continuous forest growth covered almost all of the land. Only an occasional meadow and a few rough mountain tops and rocky ravines were without trees. There seemed to be no end to the woods in those days.

"Only a few fragments of original forests remain today in the Pocono region. Most of the big, merchantable trees have been cut by lumbermen. Those that were not felled were destroyed by forest-fires or some other destructive agent. Travelers who pass through the Poconos or survey the surrounding landscape from Big Pocono or other lookout points, are impressed with the absence of big trees. In a few rather inaccessible high places a small number of big trees have been left and an occasional veteran remains uncut in the moist ravines and glens.

"There are at least sixty-six different kinds of native trees in the Poconos. The trees and shrubs that are typical of the forests of the southland extend northward along the Delaware. The native woody plants of the northwoods follow the mountains towards the south. On the higher plateaus and in the cold ravines one finds such trees as paper birch, mountain-ash, larch, spruce and fir. All these trees are members of the forests of the northland, while along the banks of the Delaware are found such trees as the river birch, sycamore, swamp hickory, silver maple and black walnut.

"All the birches native to Pennsylvania are found in the Pocono region. In the wet places along the Delaware and its principal tributaries occurs the red or river birch. On the rocky hillsides, often amidst boulders and rocks, stand specimens of black birch. In the moist valleys and along the

are typical of the forests of New England and Canada and seem to have followed the glaciated areas towards the south.

"A large percentage of the land is still in forests, even though this region has been inhabited by the white man for many years. In 1923 there were in Pike County 261,118 acres of forest land and in Monroe County 210,000 acres. In proportion to the population these two counties have more forest land than most of the counties of Pennsylvania. In Monroe County there were 8.6 acres for each inhabitant and in Pike County 38.3 acres for each inhabitant. This is much more than in most of the counties of the State, the State's average being only 1.5 acres per capita.

"Forest tree planting had a rather early beginning in northeastern Pennsylvania. The first trees planted by the Pennsylvania Department of Forestry were set out in 1898 on what was then known as the Minisink Forest Reserve. It consisted of one thousand Carolina poplars. Many of the trees started to grow but all of them were later destroyed by forest fires. Since this original plantation was established, there have been set out nearly a million trees on the State Forests in Monroe and Pike Counties.

"In addition to the trees planted by the State a number of plantations were established by private owners. Within sight of the Delaware Water Gap are a number of interesting plantations established by D. D. Drake. These are among the earliest established in Pennsylvania and contain interesting native and introduced trees. Near Echo Lake is an attractive roadside planting of sugar maple. It was established almost forty years ago by a tree-lover who went out into the nearby mountains and pulled up small seedlings of sugar maple and planted them along the road near his home.

"God must have intended the Poconos for a forest playground for he made them so beautiful. Some of the most

beautiful forest vistas and vales in Pennsylvania are there. Many of them are privately owned, while others are within the State Forests. All of them are available for proper use and enjoyment.

"For ages past the people have been enjoying the forest. The theory that Adam lived in the woods for some time before he was placed in the Garden of Eden 'to dress it and to keep it' has an air of probability; and ever since then man has been enjoying the shade and shelter, and the food and the wood of the forest. Now more than ever before, the gifts of the forest are essential to man's welfare. He needs them every day of his life and cannot get along without them. The only way to have them is to develop and maintain them. This means that he must protect and care for the forests.

"There are no more worthy objects among man's works than the protection of the scenic spots that dot the forest; for the beautiful scenes of the forest stimulate beautiful thoughts, and these beautiful thoughts manifest themselves in beautiful deeds. As one beholds the stately and princely hemlocks that shade the ravines near the Delaware Water Gap one cannot help but think that the earth as God created it is a fair dwelling-place and full of comfort for all who have a quiet mind and a thankful heart."

FLOWERS AND PLANTS

THE Pocono country is a veritable paradise for botanists and those who delight in the study of wild flowers, plants, ferns, and mosses. Others with a less specialized knowledge cannot help but notice and delight in the attractiveness of the flora of this region. Even the casual observer, visiting the region of the Swiftwater or walking through the glen at Buck Hill in early June, will hardly fail to be delighted with the beauty and abundance of the laurel and rhododendron. The paths, winding through groves of these plants, are lined with such a profusion of their pink and white blossoms, that even the most sophisticated can not refrain from exclamations of wonder. Those who have once seen the laurel and rhododendron in full bloom have witnessed a sight they long remember. Many visit the region annually at this season of the year for another glimpse of the great abundance of these delicately tinted flowers.

There are many others—flowers and plants that I recognize and many that are new or unknown to me. Those interested in hunting and studying the flowers, however, find plenty to delight them in the Pocono region.

The following extracts from the contribution of Mr. George B. Kaiser, a frequent visitor to the Poconos and recognized as an authority on things botanical as well as an expert on ferns and mosses, show his enthusiastic appreciation, in common with all visitors to the Poconos, of the laurel and rhododendron. He tells something also of the ferns, mosses and fungi that he knows so well.

"The mountain laurel and the great native rhododendron, the former of early June and the latter of late June and early July. Who will attempt adequately to describe them? Our mind reverts to scenes of a June long past, at the Delaware Water Gap, when the sides of Mount Minsi were clad with that fair mountain laurel, the calico bush, as if a mantle of rosy snow had fallen there. Gone today is most of that snow of yester-year. So ruthlessly broken and pillaged has the mountain laurel been by the unthinking, that it retreats further and ever further from the haunts of destructive man; and still the unending train of automobiles, each year increasing in numbers, winds pitilessly down from the hill laden with spoil from the forest, in a day or two to be cast aside withered and useless. In this respect no plants have fared worse than the mountain laurel, dogwood, wild azalea and rhododendron.

"Along the Swiftwater, near Mount Pocono, the rhododendron is at its best. The plants form a veritable tangle along the stream and appear at their height of bloom in early July If you will walk there at that season in the deep shade of the hemlock you may commune with Nature in her sweetest and most beneficent moods. You may drink deep of beauty unmarred by man.

"One of the most showy and lovely asters, whose flowers are an entrancing shade of blue, is the smooth aster which is found frequently throughout the Poconos. Even Asa Gray, who is chary of laudatory comment, in his manual declares this to be 'a very elegant species'; and some of us look upon it as the most beautiful of all the fifty-nine kinds found within our range. That which is called the toadflax-leaved aster offers a contrast to the smooth aster in the roughness of its stem and the crowded linear leaves. It is also a frequent and attractive species preferring sandy soil. It abounds in the neighborhood of Bushkill.

Courtesy Pocono Manor

RHODODENDRON ALONG THE SWIFTWATER

"The Pocono region affords great interest to the botanist of cryptogams. The ferns of Buck Hill Falls and elsewhere well deserve the intensive study that has been given them by learned pteridologists. In the many glens moistened by the flow of forest streams, ideal conditions prevail for the growth of maidenhair, beech fern, the spleenwort and many other delicate and beautiful species.

"The mosses, too, abound in similar localities. The writer has made a special study of the bryophyte in the Mount Pocono, Buck Hill Falls, Bushkill, Dingman's Ferry and Delaware Water Gap neighborhoods and technical lists of species might readily be supplied. They would be quite out of place however, in the present volume. Suffice to say that those kinds which beautify our mountain regions throughout the land are not lacking in the Poconos. Logs are frequently covered with the feathery knight's plume and other graceful hypnaceæ. The beauty of the waterfalls is enhanced by those mosses which delight to grow within reach of their spray and in their turbulent waters. Once near Tobyhanna we collected that rare and local dwarf called buxbaumia aphylla likened by Dr. Grant to "bug on a stick."

"The strange saphrophytic and parasitic kingdom of the fungi is not without ample representation in the flora of the Poconos and, under proper conditions of moisture, the collecting mycologist may soon fill his basket with many species of odd shapes and colors, which inhabit the deep woods. Polypori of many kinds are there, shelving like brackets from their host trees. There are multitudes of mushrooms and toadstools with gills; and, at the base of decaying stumps, the strange Jack O'Lantern which shines at night with a soft shimmering glow. The fungi with spines are there, too, and the cowl group of gray, yellow, white, and amethyst, and the rarer tremellinae and thelephoreæ and many others, edible and inedible. There, too, is the death angel, most poisonous of all, containing

phallin, an alkaloid so deadly that no antidote for it is known —angel of destruction, lovely in her satin cap of white, yellow or grayish-tan and seeming to guard the place where she dwells like a stately Borgia queen of the forest.

"Lichens also make an excellent showing in the flora of the Poconos. One may find many species of the fructicone, folios and crustone forms representing, among others, the general cledonia, parmelia, physcia, cetraria, lecanora and lecidea. The lichenologist is well repaid for his pains, especially in the higher parts of the region, and may reap from his field trip a plentiful harvest of these organisms.

"In conclusion, we may well state that the Poconos possess a characteristic and exceedingly rich and varied flora. In herbs, shrubs and trees, as well as in ferns, mosses, fungi, lichens and even still lower forms of plant life, the region abounds. In memories of profitable and interesting botanical outings we certainly include many a little journey into the counties which compose in its widest sense the Pocono region."

It is because of intimate knowledge gained through long acquaintance with the flowers and plants of the region in which he lives, that Mr. Edwin B. Bartram of Bushkill, on the edge of the Poconos, is able to write so completely and comprehensively. Mr. Bartram enjoys seeking the hidden haunts of specimens seldom found by the occasional visitor. He gives us, in what follows, some idea of the beauty to be found.

"As the flora of the Pocono Plateau is sharply distinguished from that of the adjacent regions, it makes a strong appeal not only to the scientific man interested in the derivation and distribution of plant life, but also to the observant visitor who is anxious to acquire some more or less intimate knowledge of the vegetation with which he is in daily contact.

"The abundance of spruce, balsam, tamarack and hemlock indicates plainly the close relationship of this flora with that of

the coniferous forests of northern New England and Canada. This feature is emphasized as we proceed to explore the swamps, bogs and watercourses of the region, for it is in these low places, where shade and moisture abound, that most of the rarer and more attractive species have found a congenial habitat. There are exceptions to such a broad statement, for it is in the dry rocky woodlands that one will find countless pink moccasin flowers in May; and who would think of searching elsewhere than on some open wooded slope for the choicest trailing arbutus? To find the arbutus in its prime one must desert the beaten paths for the wilder country where it has grown undisturbed. To lie prone among the dry leaves, in the spring sunshine, and inhale the spicy fragrance from a patch in full bloom is one of the keenest pleasures of the year.

"After a few warm, sunny days in April one can usually count upon finding hepaticas, blood roots and rue anemones on sheltered banks in the Delaware River Valley, and by early May the shale ledges, bordering the State Road between Bushkill and Dingman's Ferry, are bright with mountain pink, sandwart, dutchman's-breeches and vigorous colonies of trout lillies. The frail little bluet or quaker-lady is usually associated with wood paths or sunny clearings, but a new conception of their decorative value in masses is derived from some favored river meadow sheeted white with acres of these delicate blooms. By midsummer these same banks are filled with the early goldenrod, an advance guard of that wave of goldenrods and asters that reaches its crest in the lenthening days of September.

"Through April and early May the pulse of spring beats but languidly in the swamps and woodlands of the plateau country between Tannersville and Gouldsboro. When trout begin to rise eagerly to the fly, the broad white cymes of mountain-

ash usually signify the presence of such swamp types as the painted trillium, bluebell, early coral root, star flower and the neat little gold thread. Here one will find wood sorrel growing in patches about the bases of trees just as it does in the mossy northern woods, and the odd twisted stalk with axillary purplish flowers which are followed later by showy red berries of the size and aspect of red cherries. Around the open borders where the swamp gives away to drier ground is a likely place for rhodora. No description can do justice to the charm of these flowers which are borne in such profusion on the leafless branches of last year's growth. They must be seen to be appreciated. Beyond this fringe of thicket in which the stout lustrous catkins of the pussy-willow are conspicuous, the bird cherry and the red berried elder, both of them mountain types, are almost sure to be found.

"One of the common spring flowers of the open woods is the dainty little fringed polygala. It is always associated in my mind with a friendly trout-stream of Pike County; for while treading the open woods to get well up stream, I can rarely resist the temptation to stick a spray of these curiously formed flowers in the lapel of my coat. This brings to mind the golden club, a rather infrequent aquatic perennial of the arum family. The flowers are densely clustered on an elongated bright yellow spadix, sheathed at the base with an inconspicuous spathe. These slender golden spikes projecting above the surface of some quiet pool or back-water are always conspicuous enough to attract attention from even those in whom the botanical instinct is latent. A nearly related plant of boggy shores in the upland country, which I rarely find below one thousand feet, is the water arum. The showy white spathe indicates at once its alliance with the well-known calla lily of the florists window.

"Both Pike and Monroe Counties are well provided with springs, some of them among the finest I have ever seen. It is

essentially a well-watered region and the entire country seems to be covered with a network of spring-runs and streams, drawing into the creeks that radiate in every direction from the watershed of the plateau. The lakes and ponds in which many of these streams take their source are among the most attractive features of the landscape. The natural lakes are typically deep with bold rocky shores, while the artificial ponds and dams represent a natural area of swamp and marsh that has been flooded either for fishing or as a source of supply for ice.

"There is rather a striking difference in the aquatic plant life of these respective types of ponds. In clear shallow water around the edges of the natural lakes, one is almost sure to find the water lobelia. A few palish flowers are lifted just above the surface on a slender stem, arising from the tuft of cellular leaves, which is securely rooted to the bottom. In deeper water the floating heart spreads its neat little leaves over the surface. The frail white flowers spring from a cluster of false roots just beneath the leaf and at the summit of the thread-like petiole which sometimes reaches a length of four or five feet. The water lily is of frequent occurrence in the natural lakes. Its absence from the ponds and dams can no doubt be attributed to some failure of introduction, for there is no apparent reason why it should not find these waters congenial. Boggy thickets where the high bush huckleberry and the deliciously fragrant swamp honeysuckle keep their feet moist the year round, are quite characteristic of the inlets and outlets of these lakes and usually lead off on the water side to open stretches of leather leaf, with here and there a well-marked colony of bog rosemary which must be visited in May if the waxy white flowers are to be seen in their prime.

"The low boggy margins of the artificial ponds, fringed with masses of pickerel-weed, contrast sharply with the clean

rugged shores of the natural lakes. Where the water has flooded low-lying areas of swamp, the grey weathered and lifeless trees make a rather dismal background to the sparkling stretches of open water; but it is in these shallow arms, safe among the stumps and floating masses of aquatic plant life that the pickerel find a safe refuge. An inexhaustible supply of fish is thus provided for the more open waters that can be worked to better advantage. The yellow pond lilies are a conspicuous part of the pond flora and in their company one is likely to find the floating peltate leaves of the water-shield which, together with the small purplish flowers, are all coated with a transparent film of mucilaginous jelly.

"This section of Pennsylvania is indebted to the heath family for much of its landscape beauty. The rhododendron or great laurel is a familiar shrub at any time of the year, but in winter our swamps would be bleak and bare indeed without these shimmering thickets of lustrous foliage. Its value as shelter is not unknown to the bear that usually winter upon some knoll in the midst of one of these impenetrable thickets, and in advance of bad weather the deer hunters will often find their game scurrying from the ridges and open spurs, where they have been lying during the day, toward the nearest laurel swamp.

"Mountain laurel may be safely termed the peer of all our flowering shrubs in point of beauty. In mid-June, when the spreading cymes of pink and white flowers are in their prime, one never ceases to marvel at the curiously beautiful structure of the individual corollas. Each anther is securely imbedded in a little sack-like spur of the corolla until the pollen is ripe, when a sudden release permits the filament to spring upward and scatter the pollen either upon the stigma of the same flower or more likely into the air by which medium it is carried to the stigmas of other flowers.

Courtesy Pocono Manor

MOUNTAIN LAUREL

"Another evergreen shrub of similar character but much rarer to our flora is the Labrador tea. The narrow leathery leaves, revolute on the margins and covered with a pelt of reddish brown wool on the under side, will readily separate this low shrub from any of its associates. It grows quite locally in the cold bogs near Long Lake.

"A number of smaller but none the less attractive, members of the heath family will be recognized by conspicuous characters of either flowers or foliage. Both pipsissewas occur frequently on dry wooded slopes, the prince's pine with thick glossy deep green leaves, which are used by the country people in making a tea for rheumatic complaints, and the spotted wintergreen with mottled leaves that harmonize so prettily with the symmetrical pinkish flowers that are fleshy in both color and texture. The pyrolas will soon become familiar to every tramper. The shin leaf is more widely distributed but will soon differentiate the more attractive variety with nearly circular leaves which are thick and decidedly glossy. The omnipresent teaberry has an economic value apart from its spicy appeal to the human palate, for its leaves and aromatic berries furnish one of the principal sources of food supply for the native partridge. To follow these hardy, wary birds through the swamps and swales and over the thick scrub-oak ridges of the back-country for a few seasons gives one an intimate, first-hand contact with the country that is hard to acquire in any other way.

"In late May the open hillsides and rocky clearings are brilliantly colored with masses of pinxter flower, or bush honeysuckle as it is called locally, in every shade from nearly pure white to a deep rich pink. One clump that I look for from year to year is nestled close beside a few young hemlocks against the face of a big grey lichen-covered boulder. A sym-

pathetic imagination on the reader's part will do the composition of this picture no injustice.

"Among the plants that combine beauty with utility may be numbered the various species of blueberries. From an economic standpoint the ranking member of this group is the low blueberry which covers great dry open areas of the mountain slopes, especially where the brush has been recently burned off. It may be distinguished from closely related species by its narrow pointed leaves distinctly serrulate with bristle-like teeth on the margins and noticeably glossy on both surfaces. The high bush huckleberry is essentially a shrub of the swamps. The clustered berries are usually borne in great profusion and are often gathered by stripping the bushes into a pail by means of a garden rake. While these berries average larger they seem to lack the flavor and sweetness of the low blueberry. This may be the result of their partiality to shaded or somewhat screened places, while the low blueberry is exposed to the direct rays of the sun during its full cycle of growth.

"If a little spice of adventure is not distasteful, an investigation of some of the cranberry-bogs that abound in the Pocono region will prove a worth-while experience. Cranberries—for we have two distinct species—thrive only where they are supplied with an abundance of moisture. It is not unusual to find them growing in thick dense mats either floating or resting on a bed of muck of uncertain depth. These quaking bogs must be traversed with caution, for a break through into the uncertain depths below may result in a serious predicament. The smaller mountain cranberry is, as its name implies, a northern type that is closely restricted to the higher plateaus of our region. It may be readily separated from the large cranberry of commerce by its smaller fruit and narrower, strongly revolute leaves which are conspicuously whitened

beneath. The fruit of both species is gathered for domestic use; but it is questionable whether the crop could ever be marketed profitably in competition with the output of the big bogs of eastern Massachusetts and the coastal plain of New Jersey. Some of the rarer northern sedges such as carex limosa and carex pauciflora will be found in or around the bowl-like depressions of these bogs, with the buckbean and the showy grass-pink orchid of the orchis family.

"The orchids represent, numerically, but a very small portion of our flora; yet they appeal so directly to the average person that they can seldom be passed by without a feeling of particular interest or gratification. Next to the moccasin flowers, our most conspicuous representative of this group is the purple fringed orchis which is locally frequent in open boggy woods or along swamp borders. The plainer ragged fringed orchis, with deeply fringed greenish flowers, may be looked for in similar situations; and if one is fortunate enough to know some favored boggy meadow in which its gorgeous yellow fringed cousin (N. ciliaris) holds forth from year to year, the penalty of wet feet will be cheerfully paid for by an intimate acquaintance with these glorious flowers in the full freshness of their bloom.

"No reference, however brief, to the flowers of this region would seem complete without some mention of the gentians. Besides the spectacular fringed gentian which in some localities is so elusive and in others so abundant, we will frequently meet with the closed or bottle gentian, widely distributed in some of its forms over the mountain districts as well as the lowland country. Throughout the higher regions, the neat little five-flowered gentian is one of the common fall flowers found along shaded roadside banks, where its pale slender flowers in strict panicles blend so readily into the background that one must look sharply at first to distinguish them. The

linear leaved gentian is one of the really typical flowers of the Pocono country. In early September the bogs and mossy spruce woods everywhere between Tobyhanna and Goulds-boro are full of it; but at slightly lower elevations below one thousand or twelve hundred feet—it appears to fade out entirely. A few of these plants were collected near Maskenosha Pond in Pike County one fall but they were evidently waifs, as a careful search of the surrounding country failed to reveal any more.

"The gentian seems to carry us into the season of early frosts when the bitter-sweet opens out into colorful sprays of orange and red along the fence rows; when the crimson leaves of the Virginia creeper look like tongues of flame creeping through the skeletons of the thinning trees, or wreathing some cedar with splashes of color that bring to mind the coming holidays. Even then these hard, cold hills are warm at heart; for what Christmas cheer can compare with the fun of dragging a carefully selected tree from the depth of some frigid spruce swamp or of scraping through the snow with numb fingers for the longest strands of ground pine. It is in these things that we dwellers on the fringe of civilization come to realize some of the real elementary joys of life.

"In a running summary such as this, much of the more beautiful and characteristic plant life is omitted, not from any lack of merit but because a more complete analysis would result in hardly more than a bare list of names. No lover of the out-doors can have failed to notice the upright flaming cups of the wood lily or the clumps of pitcher-plant sunken deep in the spongy sphagnum flow of some silent spruce or tamarack swamp. The feathery bloom of the meadow-sweet and the elongated pink cones of the steeple bush are familiar friends to every frequenter of old pastures. November hunters find the thickets sparkling with myriads of glistening yellow stars of

the witch-hazel long after the searing frosts have carpeted the ground with brown leaves; but these and countless other phases of the great cycle of the growing season are always waiting to meet the observant wanderer more than half way.

"The ever widening circle of friendships that one makes with the flora of any familiar region may well be counted among the most pleasing, profitable and lasting pleasures of our too brief space of active days. The thrill that comes with finding a rare plant, or even in broadening the range of some more familiar one, is an incomparable experience that can be realized only by those who have some real definite knowledge of the forms and distribution of local plant life. This knowledge may be acquired at the expense of relatively little time and effort and adds so largely to the pleasures of any form of out-door life that ignorance is more to be pitied than blamed.

"There is probably no more interesting region, botanically, in the whole State of Pennsylvania than the Pocono plateau. Many Canadian types have found a sanctuary here on this elevated tableland where the growing season averages only about a hundred and twenty days. They constitute what may be termed a remnant of the old vegetation that covered all of this rugged glaciated region in the wake of the retreating ice sheet."

BIRDS OF THE POCONOS

WALKING through the woods or lingering along the banks of some mountain stream, I have often heard and enjoyed the songs of the birds and caught occasional glimpses of species whose high coloring was to me most attractive and beautiful. The vivid scarlet of the tanager, the brilliant blues of the jay and blue bird, and the orange and black of the Baltimore oriole—all these flashes of color have darted across my path at one time or another and caused the wonder and admiration usual to those not well acquainted with the birds. My appreciation was real but not of so high an order as that of students and bird lovers.

Henry VanDyke, with the soul of a poet and a mastery of English in its purest form, has a power of description that reduces the songs of the birds almost to words. It is in "Little Rivers" that he says:

> "You never get so close to the birds as when you are wading quietly down a little river casting your fly deftly under the branches for the wary trout, but ever on the lookout for all the various pleasant things that nature has to bestow upon you. Here you shall come upon the cat-bird at her morning bath, and hear her sing in a clump of pussy-willows, that low, tender, confidential song which she keeps for the hours of domestic intimacy. The spotted sandpiper will run along the sands before you, crying 'Wet-feet- Wet-feet!' and bowing and teetering in the friendliest manner, as if to show you the way to the best pools. In the thick branches of the hemlock that stretch across the stream, the tiny warblers, dressed in their coats of many colors, chirp and twitter confidingly above your head; and the Maryland yellow-throat, flitting through the branches like a little gleam of sunlight, calls 'Witchery, Witchery, Witchery!' That plaintive, forsaken, per-

sistent note, never ceasing, even in the noonday silence, comes from the wood-pewee, drooping upon the bough of some high tree, and complaining, like Marianna in the moated grange, 'Weary, weary, we-a-ry.'

"I remember once, at the close of a beautiful day's fishing on the Swiftwater, I came out just after sunset into a little open space in an elbow of the stream. It was still early spring and the leaves were tiny. On the top of a small sumac, not thirty feet away from me, sat a veery. I could see the pointed spots upon his breast, the swelling of his white throat, and the sparkle of his eyes, as he poured his whole heart into a long liquid chant, the clear notes rising and falling, echoing and interlacing in endless curves of sound."

Some years ago I accompanied a score or more bird students from Buck Hill Falls on their annual excursion to hear the song of the hermit-thrush. Arrived at Pocono Lake Preserve, at the the proper place, we left the bus that had brought us and plunged into the dense forest growth of pine that so effectively conceals Pocono Lake. We strolled along, stopping to admire some unusual varieties of pine and cedar; and at another place, the American yew tree which here grows to such an extent that it is said to be the largest patch of this unusual tree in Eastern United States.

Finally, we arrived at a large open space in the woods where the velvet-like carpet of soft grass and moss invited us to rest. We were surrounded by a forest growth of pine, beech, wild cherry and maple. The evening chorus of the birds had started but my untrained eye could not detect them as readily as could others of the party who directed my attention here and there as the birds flew about. Sitting on the second branch of a scraggly pine yonder was a black-throated green warbler; and there was a cedar waxwing. A blue-headed vireo had just flown into the maple tree at the edge of the clearing. Several other species were hidden somewhere in the beech tree

Photograph by Ernest Corts

RED-EYED VIREO ACCEPTS FOOD FOR HER YOUNG

nearby. A junco was sitting on one of the top limbs of a spruce tree at the edge of the clearing, singing at the top of its voice.

The sun had set and it was becoming increasingly difficult to spy out these little songsters. We sat with ears alert—waiting to catch the first indication of the song we had journeyed twenty miles to hear. We hoped we would not be disappointed. And we were not. Soon the silvery notes of the song of the hermit-thrush were plainly heard. The other songsters have about closed their evening song when the hermit-thrush starts his. It seemed to me they stopped their chorus in deference to this peerless singer of them all. With various little changes and flourishes, he sang, his last note being almost too shrill and highly pitched for the human ear to hear. It was a beautiful song, ever changing but with the same theme underlying each rendition. Soon other thrushes answered his call until we seemed to be surrounded by them. It is impossible to describe in words the beauty of their song, varied and perfectly pitched, rising from low melodious tones to a finale of high and clear, beautiful musical notes.

Urged by a desire for completeness and realizing my own lack of knowledge on the subject, I have been fortunate in securing contributions from those who know the region and have gained reputations as authorities on birds.

A short article written for me by Mr. Charles P. Shoffner, president of the Liberty Bell Bird Club, will serve as an introduction to Mr. Pennock's most complete description:

"Many of us go through this world with our eyes shut," writes Mr. Shoffner. "At least our eyes are shut to many of the beauties which nature so generously spreads before us. Take the subject of birds. Why do we have birds? How many species do we know? What do we know about their

habits? Put these questions to a dozen of our friends and see the average percentage of answers.

"I have a report now before me from a celebrated European scientist which says, 'If the birds were all to disappear, man could live on the earth only nine years. For without the birds, all plants and trees and vegetables would disappear; the worms and bugs would eat them root and branch.' Perhaps scientists would discover some way to control insect life after the birds had disappeared, but up to the present time they have not done so.

"All birds are not insectivorous; but our seed-eating birds are almost as valuable as the insect eaters. If we had more hawks and owls, the rat, mole and mice questions would be settled once and for all.

"The Poconos are particularly fortunate in bird life. Between 1905 and 1922, one hundred and thirty-five different species of birds were reported in the Buck Hill Falls district and surrounding country. I am sure this list could be increased to almost one hundred and fifty different species. When it is considered that the ordinary observer knows by sight only six or eight different species, the wide field for bird study in this district is more fully realized.

"Comparatively few people realize just how much the birds do for us. They not only make the Poconos ring with their song and delight many with their beauty, but they destroy countless numbers of insects that make life miserable and that destroy the vegetation. Some caterpillars consume daily twice their weight in leaves. The late Dr. Kalbfus said of the appetite of birds that if we had but one nest of robins to the acre in Pennsylvania, each nest containing four young, each bird weighing one ounce, only four ounces to the acre, yet it would take at this rate 3,600 tons of insects to feed the birds of Pennsylvania for one single day.

"I believe the red squirrels do more harm to the birds of the Poconos than any other destructive agent. I have seen them rob many nests. The gray squirrels are also destructive to bird life. During the breeding season of 1922, hundreds of nests were destroyed in the Pocono district and all were destroyed at night. Predatory animals evidently aid the work. Half-wild house cats are also destructive. In fact, any cat is an enemy to the birds. Weasels, skunks, foxes and crows all take their toll of birds in this district. The English sparrows are now found in the Poconos and these birds, if they increase rapidly, will drive the more beneficial birds away.

"If you are in the Poconos in June, the whip-poor-wills, ovenbirds, flycatchers, robins, peewees and chebecs will charm you with their song. The wood-thrushes and hermit-thrushes will also be heard at their best. Nests of flickers, indigo-buntings, tanagers, vireos, cedar-birds and many other species can be found by the watchful observer.

"Among the rhododendrons will be found the warblers; and if you are bird-wise you will be rewarded by seeing some of the rare varieties. I have seen the yellow-breasted chats in the Poconos but never found their nests.* Along the streams will be found the water-thrushes, birds that are rare in many places. In July some of our songsters are silent, and you see few, if any, great-crested flycatchers. In August many night-hawks are seen and hundreds of cliff-swallows and barn-swallows. In the fields, many field-sparrows and the beautiful indigo-buntings and blackbirds can be discovered."

Mr. C. J. Pennock, who has spent much time in the Poconos studying and observing the birds that he knows so well, has written with authority and intimate knowledge and charm:

*Wm. L. Baily notes that he has found at least two nests of the yellow-breasted chats; also that he has found a number of nighthawk's nests and that they are seen all summer long as well as in the spring and fall.

"The very name, 'Birds of the Poconos,' brings to mind the labors of the indefatigable Wilson, broken in health, seeking a better clime in the New World, where broader fields might open new paths of industry. Weaver, schoolmaster, poet, painter, ornithologist! On a memorable pedestrian tour from Philadelphia to Niagara Falls he passed through this very region and has left record of its charm of beauty and wealth of animals. Here, in those days, more than a century ago, he found bears and deer aplenty. Panthers still stalked their prey and the wild pigeon swarmed the woods. Here on the higher ground where the dwarfed oaks spread their diminutive branches laden with luxury of acorns, the prairie chicken (heath-hen of later days) yet lingered and paraded in his spring-day courtings. This was one of the few regions of the East that was frequented by this prairie-loving bird. Massachusetts and the Pine Barrens of New Jersey, and the brushy plains of Long Island and Connecticut being perhaps the only other chosen resorts of this wonderful game-bird along the Atlantic slope.

"At any season of the year these higher altitudes with their deep-cut ravines and rolling slopes offer a rich harvest of bird lore to the persevering lover of woods and glens, fields and dashing cascades. Towering hemlocks and northern spruce spread inviting shade to the north-bound migrants. Gloomy, sequestered glens with densely wooded slopes invite the more retiring hawks and owls. The tangled thickets of rhododendron bordering streams and ponds make alluring cover for grouse and the rarer thrushes and warblers.

"With winter's blast and dense cover of drifted snows, the more northern hardy Arctic travelers tarry in these sheltered glens and find abundant food in the rich harvest of cones and fruits of oak and beech and berries.

"At such season come the siskins in roving companies, perhaps one year in abundance and again but few, feeding on the hemlock seeds or gleaning in the fields from weeds or on sumach, aster or goldenrod. With more gentle ways the redpolls drop down in numbers, following the bitter chill of frigid storms, searching bush or weed for clinging seed or berry yet uncovered. More erratic, and with chattering rollicking calls, the crossbills seek the pines and hemlocks for their seeds and are never so happy as when the north winds blow and the branches sway as they rip and cut the scaly husks of cones which go fluttering down as the dainty germ is caught in the crossed shears.

"Rarest of these travelers from the far northern lands are the two grosbeaks. While there seems to be no certain record of this more gentle bird of the pines, there can be little doubt that a careful search during the long winters of this section would discover this rare and interesting bird as an occasional visitor, gleaning from the clinging frozen apples or hunting the mountain-ash or viburnums for favorite foods. That the evening grosbeak has favored the plateau on one or two of their rare southern pilgrimages there can be no doubt, even if the record has not been officially transcribed, as they were seen to the north and northwest and in numerous localities to the east and south on those unusual winter excursions.

"While the winter season among the Poconos affords rare opportunities to observe some of the interesting boreal species that may drift down with the northwest storms, yet it is in the warmer days that the bird-gazer will find his greatest opportunities. With the warmer, softer puffs of the south winds come the cheery notes of bluebirds, robins, redwings and grackles. The snows have not melted from the north-lying slopes and may yet be piled in drifts in the ravines and along the streams darkened by rhododendrons and the denser growth

of hemlock, when the roll of the ruffed grouse echoes from the higher banks, and the call of the red-shouldered hawk comes from his far-circling above the tree tops, telling of the approaching season for nest building. The nuthatch and northern black-caps have searched the twigs and branches of every brush and tree for eggs and larvæ of insects during the entire winter and now their softer notes come floating through the groves proclaiming a rejuvenation of plants and birds and the annual awakening of the great out-of-doors.

"Now with lengthening days and melting ice come the kingfishers to ponds and lakes. The osprey makes his usual calls and takes toll of the finny game. The geese, mergansers and various ducks may be noted on beating wings hurrying to more northern parts; or storm and fog may bring them to harbor for a brief time. The herons are not so slow to sense the melting ice and the great blue may stand on watchful guard on some shoal in wait for swimming prey while the green and the black-crowned night-herons are but little later in their coming.

"Before the leaf buds burst, the whole army of woodpeckers are on the move and call and beat their tattoos one to another proclaiming that springtime has come and that mating days are here! The flicker bows and scrapes to his chosen mate. The sapsucker drawls a lisping cry ere he takes his journey northward. On these high crests the crow rarely, if ever, ventures to brave the winter's chills, but returns with warmer days.

"These are but few of the early messengers that serve as the pioneers or fore-runners of the armies yet to come. To anticipate this singing, fluttering, ever-moving mighty horde, one needs to reach the plateau by early May. Then while the vanguard may have pitched their tents or staked their claims, the sweet cadence of the field- and vesper-sparrow may be

floating over the open fields and rocky pastures. The twitter of juncos proclaims their nest well set beneath the over-arching mossy banks. The trill of the chipping-sparrow is all about the door-yards and the first barn-swallow may have been noted some days before. And yet but few have arrived of that multitude of brilliant, gaudy, effervescent tribe of warblers so dear to the heart of the true bird lover and so elusive to the novice.

"I remember well a delightful trip to the Poconos in the spring of 1922. Our going was the consummation of a sojourn in Florida the preceding winter and early spring. The time was arranged for May 11th to 25th, and I feel sure no better date could be selected for a visit to the crest of the Blue Ridge of Pennsylvania for one seeking the revelations and mysteries of Ornithology in the section to be considered. Later —a month or so perhaps—one could find more blooming plants. The rhododendron and laurel would be fully clothed in their profusion of summer leafage. In autumn the varied tints of reds and yellows, greens and browns, blended with the ever constant emerald of the noble hemlocks or varying sides of the wider spreading pines would have presented to the eye a more vivid picture.

"But now on the twelfth of May, the steadfast pines and stalwart hemlocks were enclosed about with the many shaded greens of infantile leafage—oaks, beech, birch and maple with buds just opening or indicating the new-bloom life yet to spring forth. The pale gray-green of the sturdy white oaks barely ventured forth from their winter folds. The lighter green of the beech was just unfolding from lengthened wax-like cases on wide-spread, slender, swaying branches. Strong, gnarled and twisted half-dwarfed oaks on the higher, drier rocky crests glistened with a broader, deeper-hued foliage. Dogwoods were yet to come to their full glory of chastened white at the time

of our arrival. Out in the open numerous apple trees were in full bloom, a bank of white and pink, such luxuriance as one rarely seees even in the trees so noted for their wealth of fragrant bloom.

"The early morning walks were of course, the most prolific of results as to numbers of birds seen. Usually a stroll was taken before breakfast, starting out before sunrise in the crisp, cool, mountain air, most invigorating and inducive of a keen appetite and good digestion. The gray light coming up over the distant eastern tree-clad crests soon changed to varied tints of pink and rose as not frequently a bank of fog hung low over the intervening vales and then the later-coming sunlight made myriads of glittering gems of pendant vapory edgings on trees and grass and ferns; then for a time each moving bird scattered a wealth of sparkling jewels as he flitted from twig to twig.

"At this early hour a robin was the usual harbinger of day, while the house wren and chebec followed quickly with their oft repeated songs. To be sure the efforts of the little fly-catcher are rarely classed by such a dignified term and yet no doubt from the standpoint of Madam Empidonax, the short, concise notes of her consort sound as endearing as do the far-famed rollicking, bubbling medleys of Sir Dolichonyx to his lady-love in the clover fields. During the first week of our stay, rose-breasted grosbeaks were to be found at sunrise atop the slender, close-growing oak and maple saplings about some of the cottages; three in one group and six again, too busy feeding on the tender, bursting buds to pipe forth their robin-like songs. Not once did I find them in tune nor did I get them into my notebook after May 15th. These birds made a glorious showing in the smaller tree-tops, in the brightening sunlight when viewed through a strong field-glass. The sharply defined

markings of black and white of the male, with his rare deep-rose breast and paler under wing-coverts are so unusual a combination in nature that you will long retain the memory of such a picture as one of the striking features of a vacation.

"A little later in the day I frequently found the black-burnian warblers in the taller tree-tops. The brilliant orange throat and breast of the male gave a sure mark of identity among so many flittering, feeding members of this active tribe and was as a gorgeous, golden gem among the emerald settings. I was quite unprepared to find so many birds here nesting or evidently settled for the summer, which I have only been accustomed to see as migrants. Of the warblers to be found nesting farther to the south, the black and white was present in considerable numbers, while ovenbirds were literally everywhere, their clear, ringing notes ascending from before sunrise until long after dark on clear nights, over the mountain-top, on the sides of the ravines and on a knoll close by Glenmere where they were nesting and singing. Of the strictly migrant warbler but a few species were in evidence. Golden-winged, myrtle and black-pole completed the list of wood-warblers identified.

"Ruffed grouse were reported as of a fairly numerous occurrence but I saw only two. A male was dusting in the middle of a dirt road on the mountainside as we drove along. The other was a female setting on fifteen eggs, a scant quarter of a mile from the Inn and only several hundred yards from the garage and repair shop.

"Down the mountain towards the creek were several patches of grand old, towering, storm-torn hemlocks, ancient guards of a long-gone host that once encamped over much of this rough domain.

"Here, report is rife amongst the enthusiastic bird-hunting visitors, pileated woodpeckers are yet to be seen at rare in-

tervals and their carpenter work may be found in several places on the dead or decaying trees thereabout. In one of these vales where scores of the grand old monarchs towered far above the surrounding oaks and cast a cathedral-like shade all about at midday, I was wont to imagine the fauna could not be complete without the presence of a pair of solemn, silent-gliding owls. After two or three visits during which, from a rock or fallen log for a seat, and with the ringing notes of the Louisiana water-thrush coming from the nearby stream, a hooded-warbler flitting from bush to bush and the awe-inspiring old hemlocks shutting out the brighter light of day, I made numerous attempts to call up my supposititious birds, sending forth, in vain attempts, most insinuating and beseeching notes supposed to resemble those of the barred owl which I hoped to attract.

"Following these several vain efforts which only resulted, so far as could be observed, in the alarm of several heretofore peaceful veeries and various warblers not previously in evidence, a day came when a final series of hoots—'Whoo—Whoo— Whoo— Wha— Whoo— Whoo— Wha—Whoo—Whoo'—was called to the four corners of the vast amphitheatre hoping to entice into view any wandering log-cock whose curiosity might be attracted by the presence of an unwelcomed owl. Scarcely had the last gutteral imitation profaned the hallowed spot when, not a giant woodpecker but a silent-flying dark-hued old strix came hastening through the gloomy shades and looked inquiringly about for the author of the calls. In silence he came. Silently, he remained and his departure a few minutes later was without sound.

"The following morning with three companions we again sought to entice his appearance and he quite promptly responded to the third or fourth call, but was followed by two

Cooper's hawks who resented his intrusion and made vigorous but vain efforts to enforce his departure.

"The crowning event was to follow on the succeeding morning. Mr. Corts was desirous of seeing the owl with the idea that later he might be induced to appear as a part of a film then in preparation. So we fared forth, he and I, before sunrise to the silent sentinels of the Glen. On the third call we saw our owl appear, flying directly towards us as we stood in a rather open exposed woods road. Quickly following came owl 'number two,' both alighting within plain sight for us to observe them. Moving down the road two hundred yards or more and again calling the birds, they were curious enough to further investigate the source of the alarm and followed its origin. In this flight one of them took perch on the single remaining limb of a large tree quite near to us and within excellent view. With our glasses we could note the varied expressions of his countenance even to the blinking eyes. At one time he was attracted by something before him and near the base of his tree, as he leaned well forward and bowed his head to get better observation, apparently forgetting our presence or having concluded we were of no further interest to him. At this time the sun had come up and shone directly in the face of this down-peering bird. On squeaking, he turned his head toward us, not quickly but quietly, and the eye then brought into shadow was wide open while the other was much closed. We moved about and finally talked aloud, both of and to the bird for probably fifteen minutes, to his entire satisfaction apparently, as he gave no indication of fear or alarm.

"On moving up the road to our original stand and again making a few 'hoots' the birds flew nearer together than they had been previously, and commenced their own efforts at conversation. If one might judge the language of so-called wild animals by a similarity in inflection and emphasis to that of the

human species it would be safe to infer that this pair of barred owls had become weary of our presence and were demanding that we forthwith depart. Such vile abuse as they shrieked forth might then bear such interpretation. However, having become somewhat familiar with the language of barred owls where they are exceedingly numerous and having frequently had intimate visits at my campfire from three or more of these birds at one time, I am prepared to maintain that the more weirdly and diabolically they rave, the more endearing and loving the intent. It is most unwise and an entirely mistaken idea to judge the actions and voices of wild animals in their natural haunts by inference and imagined conduct and expression of human beings under similar conditions. During the mating season these owls are particularly noisy and produce volumes of sounds far different from those usually passing for melody or ballad in the wooing of a fair maid by her swain.

"The conclusion of this lengthened tale of the barred owl came at sunrise the next morning—the last day of our stay at Buck Hill Falls—when Mr. Corts and I packed his motion picture equipment down the mountain to the scene of our meeting with the owls. I called my most enticing tones, according to my idea of the language of the genus strix, once and again, perhaps twenty times in the space of three-quarters of an hour; but whether the birds had become weary of making their appearance or had decided they cared no more for a sham alarm call, we saw them not and made our way homeward with our burdens.

"Much more could be told of the beauty and charm of the Buck Hill country; of its trees and flowers, its birds and their kindred; of the abundance of rhododendron, in many places arching over walks by soft-purling or rippling streams; of waterfalls and mist-filled glens and fern-clad rocks and cliffs; of juncos nesting, whip-poor-wills calling, a pair of ruddy ducks

tarrying on the small lake; of a liquid-tongued veery vieing with a wood-thrush in twilight hymnal. All this would but faintly tell of the beauties and charm of the Pocono region."

WILD ANIMAL LIFE

THE nature-lover, in wandering through the Poconos, will be delighted with the beautiful little lakes, many of which are surrounded by forest growth of larch, spruce, fir and mountain ash, all interspersed with the attractive gray birch which meets the water's edge, its black dotted white bark contrasting with the more sombre background of evergreen trees. Thus enclosed, the crystal-clear waters of the lake catch reflections along its wooded shores, and add another element of charm to delight the lover of the beautiful.

But there are many bodies of water in the Poconos not so attractive from the standpoint of beauty, not so charming, but much more loved by fishermen and hunters. These are the broad, wide, shallow ponds, many of which were originally swamps, now abundant with islands, pond lilies, cat-tails and many varieties of long grass that cover the water's surface. It is through these that the fisherman or hunter likes to drift, quietly and almost motionless, waiting for a "bite" or a shot at stray ducks or wild geese.

There is Peck's Dam, a veritable fisherman's paradise, where the pickerel are especially plentiful and large. Porter's Lake has shores dotted with hunting and fishing clubs, bungalows and camps. Maskenosha Lake, well hidden in the wild wooded country nearer the Delaware, derives its very name from the Indian word for the fish that we know as the pike. Within a mile is Mink Pond, with the serviceable club house of the Mink Pond Hunting and Fishing Club, numbering among its members Gifford Pinchot, and others less known, who like to journey to this well-hidden retreat occasionally for a day's fishing and rest. Lake Laura, Lake Belle and Lake Ernest in

the heart of the northern Pocono country, are close together and afford good bass and trout fishing. Nearby are Goose Pond and Mud Pond in some of the best hunting country of the Poconos.

At Promised Land, bordering the northwestern section of the Poconos, the state owns about 8000 acres, 850 acres of which are covered by water and known as Promised Land Lake. The lake is excellent for fishing, just as the surrounding territory is very good hunting country. I stopped here at noon one day in October. Fishermen and hunters, with their dogs, were coming in from all directions, most of them in large automobiles loaded to the doors with guns, ammunition, fishing equipment, etc. As one load after another arrived and embarked, I began to wonder how and where the woods could absorb them all.

The state has done valuable work in protecting wild animal life by wise hunting and fishing laws. The familiar hunter's coats of khaki, with their license number sewed on the sleeve or the back, is eloquent testimony of the care with which the game and fish are protected from those not properly qualified to hunt them. Restocking of the lakes and streams is carried on systematically. The principal species used in restocking are brook-trout, brown trout, rainbow trout, pike, perch, pickerel, catfish and sunfish.

Among the places of interest pointed out to visitors in the Poconos are the Fish Hatcheries at Paradise Valley. You would probably pass them by, time after time, just as I did, feeling very little attracted by the low, drab colored building seen several hundred yards in from the road, along Paradise Creek. This hatchery is certainly not as extensive as the hatchery of the Blooming Grove Hunting and Fishing Club about fifteen miles to the north, where they have erected a number of small hatchery buildings that extend for half a mile or

more along the stream. Here at Paradise there is only one large building, with a number of fish-ponds outside. But I had much to learn about the interesting work being carried on inside.

I had introduced myself and my purpose one day to the superintendent of the hatchery, and found him very hospitable and quite willing to show me through the place. Going from the room at the front that served as an office, into the hatchery part of the building, I saw great numbers of flat-bottom troughs about four feet from the ground—or rather from the water—for there was water everywhere, and we walked on narrow wooden boardwalks, several inches above the surface of the water that kept flowing beneath through the building from the stream outside.

These troughs were filled with shallow wooden boxes or pans about a foot square which were full of what looked to me like large globules of tapioca, but which were really the eggs of the fish that were being hatched. They were most interesting looking objects—gelatine-like balls, a trifle over an eighth of an inch in diameter, with a dark spot in the center—the germ of the egg that hatches out and develops into the fish.

The eggs, after being put in these troughs, begin to hatch in seventy-five days, more or less, depending upon the temperature of the water, which is piped to these troughs from the stream outside, and flows through them continually. No attempt is made to heat the water, it being at its natural temperature and hardly warmed by the low temperature inside the building. The temperature of the water in this hatchery building varies from forty-two degrees to fifty-seven degrees, and at the head-water in the lower pond outside, where the larger fish are kept, it varies from thirty-four degrees to seventy-eight degrees.

After the eggs in these pans hatch, they find their way out over the side and into the water in the long wooden troughs. Here they gradually begin to move about and show signs of life. It is important to keep them well thinned out at this stage of their development, for they seem to have a tendency to crowd together, which, if not checked, results in their suffocation.

During all this time the egg becomes smaller and smaller. The gelatine-like substance that surrounds the minute germ in its center is the food which is gradually absorbed by the embryo fish developing inside. At the end of six weeks they are fed a mixture of ground liver eight times a day for about two months; then they are fed only three times a day, but given more of the food at each feeding; and as they grow older, they are given more food but fed less often.

After hatching, the fish are kept in these troughs in the building and scattered out in the ponds outside as they grow larger. This being a commercial hatchery, they carry as many fish in each pond as possible (in many state hatcheries there would be only about one third as many) and, for the same reason they probably take more eggs here than in many other hatcheries.

In the first ponds are the "yearlings," the fish here ranging in size from three to seven inches. Farther on, in the larger ponds, are the two-year-old fish, which range from six to ten inches in size. At this hatchery, they get a different growth, depending on the temperature of the water and the food, and the number of fish kept in a pond. The warmer the water, the sooner the eggs are hatched and the faster the fish will grow. If the ponds are crowded, the trout will grow less rapidly than if there are comparatively few in each pond.

As we walked by the side of these ponds, the younger fish, alarmed, darted quickly in great swarms in all directions. It

was wonderful how they mingled and passed in such multitudes, swimming with lightning-like speed without colliding with one another.

There are seventeen nursery ponds for the small fish near the hatchery building, then a series of larger ponds for the two-year-olds, continuing on to the big pond at the end where the largest trout are kept. These two-year-old trout appeared well accustomed to the sight of human beings and were not at all frightened as we walked along. They probably thought I was going to feed them, as they swam toward me in large numbers, greatly disturbing the water, jumping out above the surface occasionally and following me like the rats after the Pied Piper of Hamlin. All of the fish hatched here are genuine native brook-trout, mostly speckled—800,000 brook-trout in these ponds outside of the hatchery. What a delightful prospect for the contemplation of those fishermen who enjoy nothing better than a tussle with this game fish in the pools along these mountain streams.

For the future of this sport, trout-fishermen may take great comfort and satisfaction from the wise provision and intelligent work which is being done by the State Fisheries Department. Their protective measures and their work along the lines of propagation of fish is a sure guarantee of good sport to trout-fishermen and other fishermen the country over, for years to come.

Private game preserves, hunting associations and clubs are also awake to the necessity of replenishing the streams and are doing splendid work along lines of conservation, breeding and development of the wild animal life of the forest.

The following narrative regarding the wild animal life of the Poconos follows mainly the text of the article submitted by Mr. George H. Bedford, a modest and unassuming naturalist who is well aquainted with the animal and plant life and other

natural features of the Poconos. Inclusions are made frequently, chiefly from the contribution of Mr. Milton Possinger, who knows the wild animal life of the region and who, since his boyhood days in the lumber camps, has spent most of his life as a ranger in the woods and forest and along the streams of the Poconos. Mr. H. L. Briscoe has also contributed a few wild animal sketches.

"Thanks to sane and far-sighted game and fish laws and alert and efficient wardens, the fur and feather tribes are increasing instead of diminishing," writes Mr. Bedford. "This is true especially of Pennsylvania's most important game animal, the deer, and in a lesser degree of ruffed grouse. In former years there were many violations of the game laws; but due to the tact and diplomacy and, where necessary, persistence and severity of the present game wardens, the illegal killing of game, especially deer, has been reduced almost to the vanishing point.

"Old hunters will tell you that fifty years ago, deer were quite plentiful in most sections of the Pocono mountains. But six or eight years ago they were almost exterminated, due to the fact that they were killed at all seasons of the year—at salt licks, with traps, driven by hounds and at the mercy of forest fires that were allowed to burn themselves out. Something had to be done to preserve the few that were left and it was then that the state legislature passed wise laws for the protection of the deer. Since the passage of these laws, deer have again become quite plentiful. They are often seen by tourists and hunters, especially in Pike County where they occasionally come out into the open farm fields and orchards, in groups, looking for food."

On this subject, the sympathies of Mr. Possinger, experienced hunter that he is, are with the deer. He says:—

"Still-hunting or stalking deer, to my way of thinking, is a far more humane way of taking them. Any hunter or sports-

man who goes into the woods and gets his buck by still-hunting has accomplished a feat of which he need not be ashamed.

"But when I go out and stand on a deer runway while hundreds of men are covering every foot of the woods, and every runway is guarded by a hunter, sometimes by half a dozen, what chance does the deer have? I often wonder how any escape. I have stood on a runway and seen a magnificent old buck with a rack of horns that would momentarily take the breath of any hunter. Instinctively I shot and when I reached the place where the buck had fallen, I saw his big brown accusing eyes looking at me. I knew then that I had murdered him—that I shot him from ambush and gave him no chance whatever."

It is interesting to know that there was, about twenty years ago, an elk preserve in the Poconos. A man named Polhemus had fenced in a couple of thousand acres of woods and forest at a place called "Devil's Hole," to the left along the road leading from the Mt. Pleasant House to Paradise. He had about twenty of these large animals originally, but they increased in numbers very rapidly, and finally broke out and roamed at large through the Poconos.

Bear are not as numerous as deer but one is apt to come upon one of them occasionally while roaming the woods, especially in the more secluded areas or along trout-streams where a glimpse of a black furry hide is not altogether unusual. They hibernate in a hollow tree or small cave or under a brush pile during a couple of the most severe months of winter. Ants, nuts of all kinds and berries are their principal food; but they also eat meat when they can get it and are not particular as to its freshness. They are very fond of woodchucks and sometimes will dig a hole big enough to bury a horse, in their endeavor to get a woodchuck.

The wildcat is a killer of game and birds. This great cat glides through the woods on his velvet paws without rustling a leaf, following his prey with a patience that seems unlimited. Many a grouse or rabbit moving about in search of its evening meal is all unconscious of the gleaming eyes peering from behind a tree or bush. The wildcat inhabits the forest areas, rocky ledges, and briary thickets; but its favorite place is in old slashings and bark peelings, where, in the impenetrable and tangled recesses, it is safe from pursuit.

There are large tracts of land in the mountainous districts of Pennsylvania from which the timber has been cut. In many instances these tracts are thickly strewn with decaying logs and fallen trees which are almost impassable unless one selects the old roadways which traverse extensive areas. In these places rabbits and other quadrupeds, grouse and many different kind of small birds find an excellent cover. The wildcat subsists entirely on a flesh diet. The cautious and ravenous cat is fond of grouse. He destroys both old and young, as well as their eggs. The number of small insectivorous and wild song-birds that nest on the ground or in low bushes, which he destroys during the summer season are considerable.

"Wildcats hunt both day and night; but like the majority of thieves and murderers they appear to select the darkness as the most auspicious time," writes Mr. Briscoe. "When a wildcat discovers grouse or rabbits running on the ground he will follow them for some distance. When he ascertains the direction in which they are going he will make a quick detour, concealing himself behind a log or in the brush or on a low branch of a tree and wait until the prey comes within reach. I know of an instance where a rabbit ran up a narrow roadway and when within a few feet of the laurel bed suddenly stopped. Instantly the cat sprang upon it and, seizing it in its mouth, ran directly up the mountainside where it was shot."

"The wildcat is very fond of venison and will attack a full-grown deer. They have been known to follow the trail of deer for miles, for when they start out to get a venison dinner they usually succeed. They may stop long enough to kill a bird or a rabbit, but they are persistent trailers and usually make their kill. I have known a wildcat to kill two deer, one after the other. In one instance, a deer lay alongside a log and the cat sneaked up on the opposite side and sprang upon it. The third jump the deer made, the hind parts were dragging, showing that it had been bitten through the spinal cord near the hips—a vital spot—or through the cord in the back of the neck. Cases are known where the wildcat lay on a leaning tree over a deer path, springing on the deer as it passed underneath."

The wildcat is often considered to be a very fierce and dangerous antagonist to man; but they are in reality a timid and retiring animal and will not attack a person unless wounded or cornered. So it may be quite safe to admire the beautiful stripes and spotted coat of the wildcat, provided you are fortunate enough to see one before he sees you and sneaks away.

The similarity between the wildcat and the common house cat that we know better seems very marked, when the characteristics of both are considered. Apparently the only difference is that the one is larger and wilder than the other. So it is quite logical and quite natural that one of the songs most popular on overnight house parties from the Inn to the hunting camps back in the woods of Pike County, started with the verse: "What makes the wildcat wild?"

Mr. Possinger concludes his description of the wildcat by a few interesting references to the domesticated variety of which he says:—

"The house-cat is a destroyer of small game and birds. A great many people do not realize this fact, but I am quite sure that the house-cat kills more song- and insectivorous-birds than

the fox does. The house-cat will charm a bird; and I have sacrificed the lives of small birds at different times to prove this fact. The cat usually attacks the bird on a tree or bush. The bird will start chirping and hop from limb to limb and flap its wings and you can easily see that it is in distress. Watch that bird for a short time and you will see it fly down to a house-cat which has lain hidden in the grass or weeds. A snake will also perform the same trick on small birds."

"The fox is a destroyer of small game and birds," writes Mr. Possinger. "It is a sneak-thief and often kills for the pleasure of killing. I have known a fox to enter a chicken yard and kill as many as a dozen chickens before stopping to eat any of them. The fox kills a good many woods mice, but lives mostly on rabbits, grouse and any other small birds he can catch. Although the fox is the rogue that I know him to be, I can't help but have a great deal of respect for him. The bear and deer will sometimes use almost human intelligence in flaunting defiance to the hunter or to their enemies; but Mr. Fox, while being driven by hounds, is as elusive as an eel in the wet grass. As I write this, memories drift back to me of some of the times I have hesitated as to whether or not to dent his classic profile. The red fox is the gamest wild animal in the state and to understand him and to know the cunning and gameness he will show in a chase, is a thing that any true lover of sports must admire. Hunting the fox is one of the greatest sports I know. There is no music so sweet to sportsmen's ear as the baying of a good pair of foxhounds on a cold winter morning."

Although it is not generally known, the Poconos contain some thriving beaver colonies. Some few years ago a growing village of these busy builders was located in the Kunkletown section but they have since migrated to a more secluded spot. Beaver were once very abundant over all of North America;

Courtesy American Forestry Magazine

A BEAVER WORKING

but the beauty of their dense, silky fur led to their near extermination. A full-grown animal will weigh from thirty to sixty pounds and is larger than his European relative. Beaver marry for life and raise from two to five young in a season.

The beaver is an exceedingly skilful and intelligent engineer and almost the equal of a portable sawmill in cutting down trees. Their power of jaw is remarkable and their chisel-like teeth enable them to fell trees nearly three feet in diameter, and it is said that they become so expert in this that the tree is made to fall in any direction they desire. They build dams of sticks, stones and mud across small streams, thus making ponds, on the margin of which they build their dome-shaped dwellings. They live entirely on bark and twigs. They have a peculiar habit, when alarmed, of striking the water a sharp blow with their flat tails making a report almost like a pistol shot, at the sound of which every animal dives to safety.

Mr. Possinger adds: "The beaver do their work at nights. There is a colony of beaver on one of our streams at Tobyhanna. Many people inquire the reason for protecting them, saying that they eat all our fish. Beaver do not eat fish. They are strictly vegetarian, living on barks of certain trees and bulbous plants. Despite the books on natural history and the articles in magazines correcting the fanciful imagination of the early travelers, the uninformed still attribute to the beaver many habits that make up no part of the life of that animal. Beaver do not use the tail as a trowel; neither do they use it for the purpose of carrying mud or stones. The tail is used in swimming, as a support on land and as a means of giving danger signals, both on land and water. The mouth is used in carrying sticks and mud. Stones are carried with their forepaws. Their houses are built of sticks and mud, and the winter supply of food is cut down and floated near the house, where it is sunk under water. When the ice is on the streams,

beaver do not travel about except to go from the house to their supply of food. They take a piece into the house, gnaw the bark from the stick and then take the peeled stick into the water again."

"Another animal whose beautiful soft, silky coat has been his undoing is the otter. These animals were at one time fairly common along the banks of streams and lakes in this corner of Pennsylvania, as indeed throughout the whole United States and even through Central and South America. It would be useless to attempt an estimate of their present numbers in this section; but they still exist and, although seldom seen owing to their shy wild nature, their tracks are observed occasionally along the soft borders of streams and lakes.

"When the otter is traveling in snow, it will jump and then slide and its trail will look like the trail of a log pulled through the snow. The otter catches fish by diving off the bank or rock or log. In winter they go under the ice for the fish. Whenever the banks will permit, they make slides down into the water. They are very wild natured and it takes an expert trapper to catch them. They are great travelers and sometimes visit a number of lakes and streams on one excursion.

"The marten, or American sable, and the fisher, two of the largest members of the weasel family, need but brief mention here, since persistent hunting for their handsome furs has reduced their numbers, and it is rarely indeed that one of these animals is sighted. The marten is essentially a forest creature, making its haunts in the wildest and most unsettled parts of the country. They are as much at home in the trees as upon the ground and are fierce and persistent hunters. No living creature of the forest, unless much larger, is safe from this stalking death, and its agility and speed are such that a red squirrel has small chance of escape in the tree tops. The mar-

ten kills and devours weasels, rabbits, hares, minks, pheasants, grouse, young birds and eggs, as well as frogs and fish. It will also eat grubs, beechnuts and chestnuts. In form, they are long and slim, weighing about six pounds when mature and measuring about thirty inches in length. Their nests, consisting of grass and leaves, are usually in hollow trees, occasionally in rocks.

"The description of the marten fits, in a general way, that of his larger relative, the fisher, which is of a much deeper color. In length the fisher will average three feet when full-grown and about three times the weight of the marten. No animal surpasses it in lightning speed and ferocity. It will pursue, capture and devour any animal of its size or less that inhabits the forest. Its speed may be judged from the fact that it will chase, kill and eat its nearest relative, the marten, as well as its other relatives, the mink and weasel. Birds of all kinds, frogs and fish are included in this tireless hunter's bill-of-fare. Being mostly a tree dweller, it usually brings forth and rears its litter of three or four young, high in a hollow tree. Like the marten, they do considerable hunting on the ground. However, the fisher is becoming rarer each year, not only in this section but all over the country and undoubtedly is nearing the point of extinction.

"The mink, one of the smaller members of the weasel family, is fairly plentiful along the streams and near the lakes in the more heavily-wooded areas. They are well adapted for hunting either on land or in the water, being almost as much at home in the latter element as a fish, and lucky indeed is the fish that can escape its swift pursuit. Along the mountain streams where mink are plentiful, hunters and woodsmen claim that many trout—usually the large ones—are killed by them. On land they prey upon practically all animals of their size

and smaller, and even on such comparatively large animals as hares and muskrats.

"Rats, mice, squirrels, birds and birds' eggs all are food for the mink. It does not hesitate to raid the poultry-house and many chicken-fancier's prized birds have fallen a prey to its insatiable lust for blood, for the mink appears to kill more than it can devour, merely for the joy of killing. Although persistently hunted and trapped, there seems to be no great diminishing of its numbers, if we are to judge by the many thousands of its rich, glossy furs that are offered each year in the great fur-markets of the world. The mink builds its nest of leaves and grass, softly lined with hair or feathers, in a hole in the bank of a stream or under the roots of a tree or under a rock.

"The weasel, smallest member of this family of carnivores, is, fortunately for the farmer and poultryman, not so numerous in this section as in some regions farther north. Like most far-northern animals its coat changes with the approach of winter from brown to white with a black tip on the tail. It is then that the fur is known as ermine and commands big prices on the market. The weasel is noted for its exceedingly rapid movements, when pursuing or attacking being almost too swift for the eye to follow. Its appetite for blood is insatiable and it is this fact that makes it so destructive of game, and, when opportunity offers, of poultry. Possessing long slender bodies, they easily enter the dens of any burrowing animal, and it is useless for any rabbit, rat, ground-squirrel or other small mammal to attempt to escape in this way. They likewise prey upon birds of all kinds, large and small, and are as much at home in the trees as on the ground.

"The weasel makes its burrow under a rock, stump or stone wall. It is the most destructive of all the penalty animals and is found everywhere that small game and birds exist. Its food

is blood and it seldom eats flesh. Once they take a rabbit trail, there is no escape. I have seen grouse fly through the air with a weasel hanging fast to their neck. It is claimed that the weasel cannot live longer than thirty-six hours without food, and that it possesses a digestive power beyond that of any other animal.

"The raccoon, though seldom seen, being nocturnal in its habits, nevertheless is by no means rare in this part of the state. They are very interesting and intelligent animals and when taken young become very tame and affectionate. Their dens are usually in a hollow tree high up from the ground and here they sleep through the day and sally forth at night. They frequent the banks of streams and lakes and their tracks resemble a tiny baby's foot. They have a long and varied bill-of-fare, consisting of crawfish, fresh-water mussels, frogs' eggs, young birds, mice, grubs, wild fruit, nuts, acorns, etc. They are particularly fond of green corn and it is this penchant that often results in "Mr. Ringtail" losing his hide.

"The raccoon is quite a pretty animal with a short thick body, greyish in color and with a bushy tail, which is ringed with black stripes. It is classed a game animal and is considered by many as being very good for food. It is hunted at night and climbs a tree when chased by dogs. The raccoon hibernates in the early winter and remains in hibernation till the following spring, usually selecting a hollow tree or log for its winter quarters.

"Probably no animal is better known to the inhabitants than the skunk—and all because it proves the adage that "It pays to advertise." For the skunk is notorious for his malodorous weapon of defense—a weapon that few animals and no humans fail to respect. Many amusing incidents have occurred in connection with the very offensive odor that it is able to throw about. To the animal's credit, it should be said that it is an

easy-going inoffensive creature and does not make use of its ammunition unless molested. The skunk is really a beautiful creature, with its long handsome black and white coat, and for this reason it is hunted extensively.

"It is claimed that the skunk destroys many insects injurious to growing crops and trees. Several states have come to realize that their economic value to agriculture far out-weighs the value of their empty skins and have passed laws for their protection. Taken all in all, their good qualities far out-number their faults and their killing should be prohibited, notwithstanding a comparatively paltry premium on their hides. When taken young they become very tame and playful, never showing any inclination to make use of their protective "perfume." Skunk farming has been attempted and, in some cases, with fair success. Certain exacting conditions must be met and care taken when the young are born, as, like most carnivores in captivity, the female is prone to devour her young.

"Woodchuck, or ground-hog, is the more or less common name for one variety of the American marmot. The range is over a large extent of this country. It is not considered a game animal and therefore is not protected by law. A mature animal will weigh from eight to fourteen pounds depending upon the amount of fat they have accumulated. They feed mostly on clover, grasses and not infrequently on young tender vegetables, this latter food causing them to be rated as pests and hunted accordingly. Many country people esteem their flesh a delicacy when properly prepared.

"The ground-hog feeds mostly during the early morning and evening, although they may be encountered at any hour on bright days. They, like all marmots, dig a hole under a rock, tree root, or open sidehill, and hibernate during the winter months. Their burrows extend sometimes 45 feet in a series

of tunnels, and in an enlarged chamber at a junction of these tunnels the nest is built of grass and leaves. This is the animal that has the honor of having a day named after him. On 'ground-hog day,' according to the legend, the weather can be foretold. If, upon emerging from his hole on this day, the ground-hog sees his shadow he returns and there will be six weeks more of cold weather; but if the day is cloudy and he cannot see his shadow he stays out, for the winter is practically over.

"Three members of the rabbit or hare family exist at present in this section. The first and most numerous is the cottontail, known to everyone. He is well distributed all over this section and beyond. He weighs, when full-grown and fat, about four pounds. The female brings forth several litters during the spring and summer. The nest, generally above ground in this part of the country, is made of dried grass and lined with the fur from the mother's body. From three to six comprise a litter and they are blind and hairless when born. Vast numbers of cottontails are shot every year, but they are so prolific that their numbers do not greatly diminish.

"Of the true hare or jack-rabbit quite a number are bagged each year in the vicinity of the Poconos. These animals are built for speed and when pursued by hounds depend for safety upon flight instead of, like the cottontail, eventually seeking shelter in a burrow. They have only one litter of from two to six in a nest, concealed in the thick grass, often under a bush. The young when born, unlike their cousins the cottontail, come into the world fully clothed and with bright open eyes.

"The Pennsylvania game commission has made an attempt to restock the Poconos with the snowshoe or white rabbits. It was questioned by some whether it might not became a menace to farms and truck gardens, but it appears that the snowshoe prefers the deep recesses of the swamp and invariably shuns

the more open country. He derives his name from the fact that his feet are partly webbed, enabling him to travel easily over snow or the soft ground of the swamps. An adult will weigh from four to five pounds. They are brown in summer, but become snow-white in winter.

"Most people are familiar with the exploits of 'Brer Possum' either through nursery stories or actual contact. The opossum is a distant relative and the only representative in America of the Australian marsupials of which the kangaroo is the best known. The opossum, like her Australian cousin, carries her young in a pouch formed in the skin of the abdomen. It is an interesting and amusing sight, when the young have attained the size of a half-grown rat, to see the mother parading on a moonlight night with from six to a dozen young clinging snugly to her and holding on to her with their little long-nailed toes.

"The opossum is not particular as to diet and they consume grubs, ants, beetles, frogs, mice, young birds and eggs and almost any fruit or nuts. They are not averse to a poultry dinner if the opportunity offers. Being nocturnal they are seldom encountered by daylight and they may be fairly numerous in a neighborhood but seldom seen. They are more numerous in the southern states, where they are considered a delicacy by the colored folks.

"The squirrel family is a very large one, though only two of its members need be mentioned here. The gray squirrel was at one time very numerous in these counties, but with persistent hunting and the failure of their principal food supply, the chestnut, their numbers appear to be diminishing each year. This is to be lamented, for to the nature-lover as well as to the casual stroller in the woods, a glimpse of this busy and beautiful sprite of the woodland was always a pleasant and refreshing sight.

"The gray is not so pugnacious as the red squirrel, and in actual combat they usually give ground to their smaller though swifter antagonist. The red squirrel, probably the best known of all forest creatures, is a handsome, little rusty-red-coated chap, whose nature, for fearlessness and downwright independence, is seldom found. Few who have traversed the woods but have noted this little animal perched on a nearby branch scolding and threatening all kinds of dire consequences if the intruder does not instantly quit his domain. They present a pleasing sight and add zest to many an agreeable hour in the woods. But they, too, have their faults, for were it not for these little butchers the fields and forests would resound with bird music in far greater volume and the eye would be gladdened to a far greater extent by the flitting about of feathered songsters. It is estimated that each red squirrel destroys eggs and song- and insect-eating birds to the number of two hundred each season.

"This squirrel is rather prolific, bearing two or more litters of from three to six each season. They live on all kinds of nuts as well as many seeds. As many farmers can testify, they are no great acquisition when they gain access to a granary. On the whole, although their beauty and sprightly acts enhance the pleasure of a walk in the woods, their faults overbalance any æsthetic consideration and their increase should not be encouraged.

"Nature often seems harsh to her wild creatures, but in reality she is kind, for when the great majority of them must seek their food after the sun has sunk below the western horizon, and keenness of vision is of little avail, she has sharpened and intensified their organs of scent and hearing to an astonishing degree." How true it is that Nature does take care of her own—just as she does, if given the chance, take care of human beings who have followed too swiftly in the rapidly advancing strides of modern civilized society.

Photograph by Ernest Corts

"THE DAY IS DONE"

CONCLUSION

BLACK BILL and I were homeward bound. Four weeks ago we had started out joyously in the early morn, eager to see what adventures, what beauty and what stories were hidden in the Poconos. Now we were leaving the wilder country of the north just as we had lately left behind the more civilized resort section of the south.

I wondered whether Black Bill was as reluctant as I to return to conventional life. We had become accustomed to this care-free wandering, traveling along the highways and by-ways, and I believe that he enjoyed it as much as I. To start out on a crisp October morning, with Black Bill soon breaking into a free and willing canter along the country road, with the cool morning air invigorating both horse and rider, made it feel good just to be alive.

We had traveled up and down and across, traversing the entire Pocono region. We had enjoyed its many beautiful waterfalls, its lakes and forests and streams. Mountain-laurel and rhododendron with its mass of pink and white blossoms almost intoxicating with their beauty, had passed with the early summer but left the deep green leaves to contrast with the colorful autumnal foliage. We had heard the musically clear notes of the hermit-thrush as the songs of the other birds became stilled in the evening twilight. We had seen startled deer dart across our trail, only to vanish quickly into the protecting shades of the state forest.

Now, on the road beginning the long descent into the valley of Canadensis, we passed Indian Ladder Falls, well hidden among the trees in the deep ravine to the left. Farther on,

East Mountain and West Mountain lay to the right. Soon a beautiful panorama of the southern portion of the Pocono Plateau opened before us. There was Pocono Knob, that massive familiar looking prominence on the right and, beyond, the hills and mountains of the Blue Ridge, continuing on around to the left until broken by the Delaware Water Gap.

Opposite Levis Falls, I paused to recall the beauty of its ravine and glen, with the stream meandering along, above and below, through the woods and over and around the rocks, winding a tortuous course through thickets of laurel and rhododendron. Having clambered up and down these steep banks at all seasons of the year, I debated when I liked them best; and I decided in favor of winter, when the falls are ice-covered and the mist from them has frozen into huge fantastic shapes and designs that are as striking as they are beautiful. The woods are covered with a snowy blanket; but the dark green leaves of the laurel peer out to contrast with the fluffy whiteness of the snow lying on the branches.

Farther on, taking the road to the right, I rode in through the woods, catching glimpses of the setting sun through the trees ahead. And I thought how appropriate it was that the close of day was thus marking the end of my wanderings through the Poconos. For the deepening shadows fitted my mood exactly. I had started out on a bright clear morning four weeks ago so eagerly, and I was now returning in the blue twilight of evening, so reluctantly.

Crossing the Canadensis road and going up the steep hill past the Buck Hill golf-course, I looked at the formal greens and well-kept fairways, the shelters and clubhouse ahead, and I felt a tinge of regret at again entering into the world of civilization with its social demands and varied interests and requirements. I had become accustomed to this life of wandering

and I liked it and was far from pleased at the prospect of giving it up. I was more in sympathy with gypsy bands than I had ever been before—their wandering life, continually changing and seeing new country, irresponsible and independent, living out of doors—it all seemed very alluring.

But these travel-stained riding clothes were soon to be laid aside and become only a memory. Within an hour or two, I would have put on the clothing of conventionality and garbed body and mind in the customary habiliments and habits of present-day civilization. I felt that I would like nothing better than to be able to cast aside all artificiality, the conventions and requirements of our modern complex existence, and continue thus freely to roam, to live and enjoy, in truth, the simple life.

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